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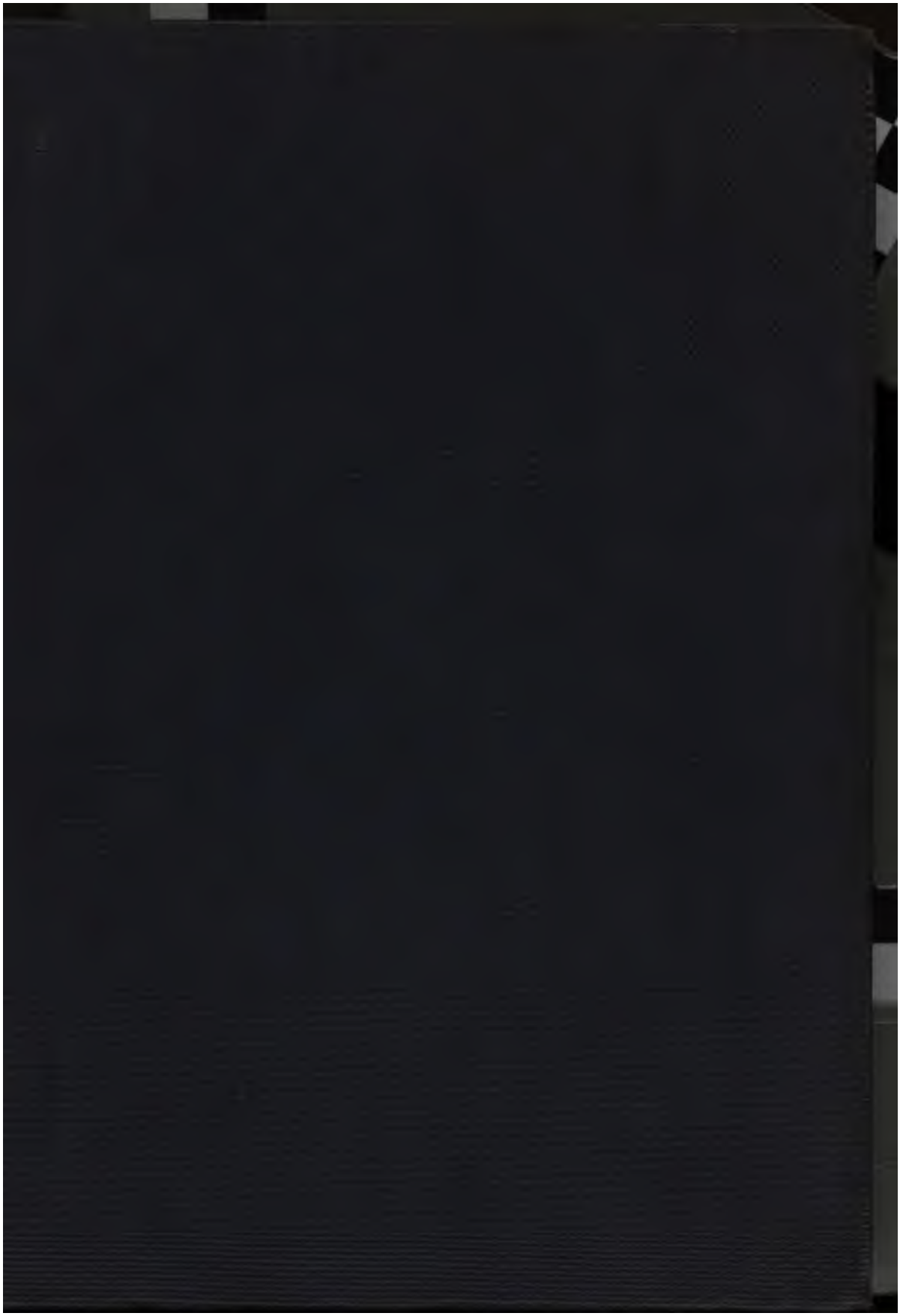

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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA .

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No. 52.

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA

With

An ESSAY

towards its interpretation

by

CHARLES HUGHES

Editor of "Shakespeare's Europe—previously unpublished chapters of Fynes Moryson's Itinerary."

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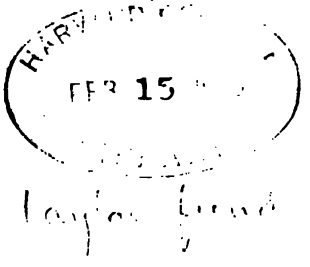

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This Book
is Dedicated
To the great living writer of English

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

A true Englishman
who from his enthusiasm for
Elizabethan Literature
and from his
Poetic Genius
may be fitly termed

SHAKESPEARIANISSIMUS

October 1904

C. H.

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REMARKS ON THE TEXT

The text of the poem, as printed in this volume, is not a mere reprint of Dr. Grosart's. My friend, Dr. Joseph Hall, has carefully collated Dr. Grosart's text with the British Museum copy of the 1594 edition. From this collation I have been able to make more than one hundred corrections, where Dr. Grosart has deviated from the original. Most of these are of small importance, being such slight differences of spelling as the Elizabethans regarded with indifference. Curiously enough, Dr. Grosart has frequently altered (as by the addition of an "e") a modern spelling to an Elizabethan variant. In about a dozen cases, however, corrections have had to be made where entire words have been altered, or two words printed in wrong order. But though I have endeavoured to reproduce faithfully the spelling of the original, I have modernized the printing. The modern "s" is used throughout, and the long "ſ" which was a source of confusion in English printing for two hundred years after Shakespeare's time, has been suppressed. Where "u" is used for "v," and "v" for "u," as in all Elizabethan books, I have adopted the modern usuage, thus departing from the practice I followed in printing Fynes Moryson. In that case, however, I had the excuse that the MS. had never before been printed. I have also adopted "j" in those words where "i" is used for it in the original, and have printed the final "n" in the few cases where it was represented by a mark over the preceding vowel. Thus the reader will find Elizabethan spelling in modern printing, and, as regards type, the present text should make the same impression upon a modern reader that the 1594 edition made upon Shakespeare's contemporaries. "Willobie His Avisa" will, I hope, read more like a living poem than it has ever done before, and less like an antiquarian document.

I have followed Dr. Grosart in correcting the "Faults Escaped" that were detected by the original editor, and have also followed him in small but inevitable emendations. In cases of the slightest doubt, however, I have restored the original text. For example, on page 84, and on page 115, Dr. Grosart has printed "haughty" where the original has "laughty." Now, though I have found no other case in which "lofty" is printed as "laughty," still "laught" occurs for "loft." And as "lofty" suits the sense quite as well as "haughty," and the word is used twice, it seemed reasonable to reject Dr. Grosart's emendation. I have followed him, however, in correcting the numbering of the stanzas from LIX. onwards, when the original jumps from LVIII. to LXI., and all the later stanzas follow the last number. In the few cases where letters are inserted in backets—[ ]—they are due to Dr. Grosart. On page 69, the original has T.B. instead of D.B., which is an obvious misprint; but since it may have a meaning, as will be seen in the Introduction, I have allowed it to stand.

This book is paged at the bottom, following Dr. Grosart, so that the paging of the original volume may be printed at the top corner of the leaf.

I should like to mention, that just before going to press, I have received from Mr. F. G. Fleay the admirable suggestion that "Caveleiro" stands for "Horsey," i.e., St. Ralph Horsey.

C. H.

By arrangement with the Executors of the late Dr. Grosart, from his edition of 62 copies, printed in 1880

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA

[redacted]

Shakespeare

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE recently engaged in editing the previously unpublished work of Fynes Moryson, under the title of *Shakespeare's Europe*, I naturally read much Elizabethan literature, and became interested in the poem *Willobie his Avisa* published in 1594, and in the problems or conundrums which it suggests. The poem and its allusions are mentioned in most modern Shakespeare books, and especially in Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. Mr. Lee has also given a full statement of the Willobie puzzle in his life of the conjectural Henry Willoughby, in the Dictionary of National Biography. I have no pretension to offer a complete solution of the mystery, but have brought together a number of facts that seem to me highly suggestive. As the collection of these facts has interested me, it is possible that the recital of them may interest others, and it may induce some Shakespearian students who are also cyclists or walkers, to visit a very pleasant and interesting part of England.

There are two reasons why *Willobie his Avisa* has an importance for students and lovers of Shakespeare. In the first place, the commendatory verses * contain the line

"And Shakespeare paints poor Lucrece rape."

which is the first mention in English literature of its greatest poet. In the second place, there appears in the poem a personage, "W.S.," a friend of Willobie, who is mentioned as "an old

(*) These verses are signed "Contraria Contrariis: Vigilantius Dormitanus," and of this cryptic expression no explanation has hitherto, I believe, been even suggested. Vigilantius was an enlightened person, living at the end of the fourth century, who questioned the sanctity of relics and the superior merit of celibacy. He was furiously attacked by St. Jerome, who termed him "Vigilantius seu verius Dormantius." The signature is therefore equivalent to Jerome, Hieronymus, or Jeronimo. Thomas Kyd's play, *The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again*, was at this time extremely popular with the public, though not with the critics. To make a rough modern comparison, its position in public esteem would be between *The Worst Woman in London*, and *The Sign of the Cross*. "Go, by Jeronimo," was a popular phrase as we may see in the first scene of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Can it be that these introductory verses were written by Thomas Kyd? It is a far-fetched interpretation.

player." It has been reasonably conjectured that W.S. stands for William Shakespeare, and our scanty knowledge of the poet's life makes my justification for a careful investigation of all that can be discovered in reference to this poem.

In 1880, the late Dr. Grosart, of Blackburn, printed at Manchester an edition of 62 copies, containing the full text of the 1594 edition of *Willobie*, with a most valuable critical introduction. In an appendix he printed "The Apologie, shewing the true meaning of *Willobie his Avisa*," and the poem *The Victory of English Chastity*, signed Thomas Willoby, which appeared in the edition of 1596, of which no copy is known, and also in later editions. To this he added a poem *Penelope's Complaint*, by Peter Colse, from the unique copy in the library of Mr. A. H. Huth. This poem, printed in 1596, contained a dedication and introductory verses, which imply that certain persons had taken *Willobie his Avisa* as personally offensive. The only other modern edition of our poems except Dr. Grosart's 62 copies, is that published at Manchester in 1896 by the Spenser Society. It consists of about 200 copies, and is a reprint of the edition of 1635, which differs in several unimportant respects from the text of the edition of 1594. I shall always quote from the latter. Dr. Grosart's introduction, in which he acknowledges the previous work done by J. Payne Collier, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Dr. Ingleby, and Miss L. Toulmin Smith, is the basis on which I have worked, and I have acquired from his executors the sole right of reprinting his 1880 volume.

The full title of the poem is as follows:—*Willobie his Avisa, or the true Picture of a Modest Maid, and of a chast and constant wife.* In Hexamiter verse, the like argument whereof, was never heretofore published." The introduction is supposed to be written by one Hadrian Dorrell, "writing from his chamber in Oxford, this first of October." The fact is that the poem was entered in the Registers of Stationer's Hall on September 3rd, 1594, while Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece* had been entered on May 9th of the same year. Hadrian Dorrell tells us that "his very good friend and chamber fellow, Mr. Henry Willobie, a young man and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Majesties'

service. Who, at his departure, chose me amongst the rest of his frendes unto whom he reposed so much trust that he delivered me the key of his study, and the use of all his bookes till his returne." Among his papers Dorrell found this poem, and published it without his friend's consent. He discusses whether Avisa is an abstraction, and decides "that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is something under these fained names and showes that yet hath bene done truely." It is clear that the preface, supposed to be written by Dorrell, is more or less a mystification, from which it is difficult to extract a kernel of truth.

There existed at this time a real young gentleman, and an Oxford student of the name of Henry Willoughby or Willobie. He was the second son of Henry Willoughby, Esquire, of Knoyll Odyern, in the county of Wiltshire. The squire of Knoyll Odyern was son to Christopher Willoughby, who was an illegitimate son of Sir William Willoughby, brother to the Lord Brooke of Henry VII.'s time. Dr. Grosart ascertained that young Henry Willobie was entered for matriculation at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1591, and also that he had a younger brother, Thomas. This fits in with the fact that the 1596 and 1635 editions of the poem, contain some verses in the same metre signed "Thomas Willoby, Frater Henrici Willoby, nuper defuncti." This poetical Thomas, like his brother Henry, died young and unmarried.*

These coincidences impressed me with the conviction that a study of the neighbourhood where these young Willoughbys were born and bred ought to throw some light on the local allusions in the poem. Knoell Odyern, or Knoyle Odyern, is a parish in Wiltshire, which is now called West Knoyle, and lies in that corner of the county that is bounded by Somerset on the west, and Dorset on the south. Sir R. C. Hoare, the author of the monumental *County History of Wiltshire*, whose mansion, Stourhead House, near Stourton, is close to the Somersetshire border, and who was, therefore, particularly well acquainted with the Hundred of Mere, to which West Knoyle

*The pedigrees of the two families descended from Christopher Willoughby are to be found in the *Visitation of Wiltshire, 1623.* London: G. Bell & Sons, 1882, pages 58 and 86.

belongs, was much puzzled by the peculiar name Odyern, which he finally traced back to a lady Hodierna in the time of Henry III. West Knoyle Church, close by the gate of which stands the old stocks, is seven miles east of Stourton, and between them lies the little town of Mere. The Lord Stourton, of Queen Mary's time, cruelly murdered a neighbour—Hartgill, of Kilmington—and was hanged with a silken halter at Salisbury, though great pressure was brought to bear on Philip and Mary to spare his life, as a good Catholic. I mention this fact because one of the Hartgills of Kilmington married a sister of our Henry Willoughby. South of West Knoyle, and about seven miles away, is the town of Shaftesbury, which, until the Reformation, was dominated by the great abbey round which it had grown. About the same distance to the south-west of West Knoyle is Wardour Castle, which in the time of Willobie was occupied, as it is to-day, by the noble family of Arundel. Sir Matthew Arundel, of Queen Elizabeth's reign, is the ancestor of the present Lord Arundel of Wardour. Four miles to the east of West Knoyle lies Hindon, formerly a rotten borough, for which "Monk" Lewis was once a member, and Disraeli once a candidate. Near this is Fonthill Park, the scene of Beckford's extravagance and folly, and in old times the property of the Marvyn family.

West Knoyle Church, with its little village, lies high on the slope of the chalk downs, which rise above it to the north, and run roughly east and west. These downs, with their prehistoric escarpments standing out clearly to the view, are great sheep pastures, as they have been for many centuries. The Willoughbys remained squires of West Knoyle till 1734, when Richard Willoughby sold his ancestral estate to the Hoares. No doubt, this Richard Willoughby is the man described by Partridge, in Book VIII., chap. ii. of *Tom Jones*, when he tells of a man arrested at Hindon fair for stealing a horse. "So they apprehended him, and carried him before the justice. I remember it was Justice Willoughby of Noyle, a very worthy, good gentleman, and he committed him to prison."

Unfortunately, the existing Parish Register of West Knoyle only dates back to 1718, and is therefore useless for Shakespearian times. The Mere Register, however, is available from 1560,

and that of East Knoyle (the adjoining parish), goes back to the very beginning of Parish Registers, in 1538, and has been thoroughly indexed by Canon Milford, the present incumbent. Sir Christopher Wren was born at East Knoyle in 1632, his father being rector of this parish. From the rectory garden is a very beautiful and extensive prospect; it is one of those fair spots that seem to be lifted above a beautiful world. So much for the neighbourhood and surroundings of West Knoyle, where Henry Willoughby was born in 1575.

Now, let us consider the clues given in the poem as to his Avisa. She is represented as a maid gifted by the goddesses with exceptional charms. Venus, Juno, Pallas, and Diana have joined to produce a masterpiece of beauty and chastity.

"A face and eye that should entice,
A smile that should deceive the wise;
A sober tongue that should allure
And draw great numbers to the field;
A flintie heart that should indure
All fierce assaults, and never yield.
And seeming oft as though she would,
Yet farthest off when that she should."

She was the daughter of an innkeeper, and men of all ranks fell under her spell.

And there she dwells in public eye,
Shut up from none that list to see;
She answeres all that list to try,
Both high and low of each degree;
But few that come but feel her dart,
And try her well ere they depart.

Let us assume then that her father kept an inn somewhere within reach of Henry Willoughby. Let us also assume that the name Avisa has no fanciful meaning, such as Dorrell found written in Willobie's writing on a piece of loose paper,

A V I S A

Amans. uxor. inviolata. Semper. amanda.

nor has anything to do with the Latin word Avis, as the preface suggests, but that Avisa is simply the old English name Avice, familiar in Thomas Hardy's novels. The next step is to see if the Parish Registers of Mere and East Knoyle contain the christenings of any girls by the name Avice at about the right date. In the spring of last year, I bicycled through this

country, starting from Bath, and passing Frome, Maiden Bradley, and Stourton, on my way to Mere. This little town has some slight remains of a castle built in 1253, by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., and a very fine church, with a wonderful old brass of its founder, John Bettesthorne, dated A.D. 1398, and bearing the following couplet. (I correct the abbreviations).

Tu qui transieris, sta, perlege, plora
Es quod eram, et eris quod sum, pro me, precor, ora.

The Rector of Mere referred me to Mr. T. H. Baker, of Salisbury, as an excellent antiquarian, who had spent most of his life in the neighbourhood of Mere, and had taken an accurate copy of the Parish Register. Mr. Baker has given me the following records of christenings at Mere :

A.D. 1563, Avice Weste, 14th May.
.. 1575, Avys Forward, 25th March.
.. 1575, Avys Hewett, 23rd November.
.. 1576, Avys Braddon, 15th March.
.. 1579, Avys Lawrence, 17th March.
.. 1588, Avyce Forward, 8th December.
.. 1599, Avice Forward, 19th August.

In the same period, we have the marriages of three other girls named Avys, and also the burials of four, including Avys Forward, 26th December, 1587. Mr. Baker remarks on this: "Whether this Avys Forward is the one who was baptised in 1575, there is no evidence to shew, but from the fact of there being three of that name baptised in the space of twenty-four years, from 1575 to 1599, it appears to have been a favourite name in that family, so that the burial in 1587, might have been an Avys Forward of a previous generation."

I have two reasons for selecting Avys Forward, born in 1575, as the original of the heroine of our poem.

Firstly, we read in Canto I.

Along this plain there lies a down,
Where shepherds feed their frisking flocks ;
Her sire, the Mayor of the town.

Strictly speaking, the little town of Mere did not boast of a Mayor, but in Hoare's *Wiltshire* I find a list of the Reeves of the Manor of Mere, from which I take the following :

1569, John Forward, Jun.
1572, John Forward.

Secondly, we read that in Canto XLV., H.W. says to W.S. (!!)

> Seest younder house, were hangs the badge
> Of England's Saint, when captains' cry
> Victorious land to conquering rage,
> Lo, there my hopeless help doth lie.

I venture to suggest that the badge or sign of the Inn at Mere was a picture of St. George and the Dragon, with the word "Forward," or that it bore the legend "Forward, St. George." Mr. Baker informs me that in 1616 there is mentioned a Thomas Forward "tippler," that the present Talbot Inn was formerly the George, and that there had been a George or St. George Inn at Mere from time immemorial.

Let us then consider it proved—though it is not—that there dwelt at Mere an exceptionally beautiful innkeeper's daughter Avice Forward, eighteen years of age, in 1593.

Canon Milford informs me that out of 56 girls christened at East Knoyle during the years 1571-1581 not a single one was named Avys or Avice.

Another extract from *Willobie his Avisa* gives a local allusion.

> At East of this a castle stands,
> By ancient shepherds built of old,
> And lately was in shepherds hands,
> Though now by brothers bought and sold.

In the last line the word "brothers" is somewhat remarkable, and when we find a family with the surname Brothers, at East Knoyle, whose pedigree is given in the Visitation of 1623, this fact suggests enquiry. Mr. Baker writes, "The 'Castle' two miles to the east from Willoughby's house, must have been the Old Manorial House at Pertwood, formerly owned by the Brothers family, but by whom built is not known." It passed into the hands of the Marvyns. But why do I mention the Marvyns of Pertwood? And how are they connected with Willobie and Dorrell? From the Oxford Register, published by the Oxford Historical Society, I find that on the 10th December, 1591, three young men entered their names at the University as follows:—

> Henry Willobie, Wilts, arm. f. [*armigeri filius*] 16, St. John's.
> Thomas Darell, Berks, cler. f. [*clerici filius*] Brasenose.
> William Marvyn, Wilts, gen. f. [*generosi filius*] Exeter.

That Willobie and Marvyn, the sons of two Wiltshire neighbours were friends and companions is likely enough, and it is made more likely from the fact that Henry Willobie changed his college to Exeter, and that both young men took their B.A. degree on the same day, February 1594-95,* that is to say, some months after *Willobie his Avisa* had been given to the world. Of Thomas Dorell, however, I have not obtained such definite information as I had hoped to find. The only Berkshire clergyman of that period named Dorrell whom I have come across, is George Dorrell, rector of Welford, five miles to the N.W. of Newbury, who died in 1597 and left all his goods inventoried at £72 19s. 0d. to his relict, Susanna. Welford lies almost on the direct road from Salisbury to Oxford, by which Willoughby and Marvyn would probably travel from their homes to the University and back, and the Dorrells (or Darells or Dayrells) were a very good family thereabouts. Unfortunately the Parish Register of Welford contains no record of the christening of Thomas, or any other son to this Berkshire cleric. Sticking to hard facts, I find that Thomas Dorrell took his B.A. degree on November 28th, 1595. The Principal of Brasenose College informs me that on May 5th, 1598, a grace was passed for an M.A. degree to one Dorrell, whom he supposes to be the same person. According to Foster's unpublished Index Ecclesiasticus he became rector of Preston, Northamptonshire, and on January 17th, 1606-7, one Thomas Dorell received permission to read in the Bodleian Library. Hard facts fail us. If Thomas Dorrell co-operated with Henry Willoughby in writing *Willobie his Avisa*, we have no proof of it. Moreover, the signature of the Introduction was Hadrian Dorrell. Why "Hadrian"? Imagination is free, and conjecture is cheap. The nickname may have been given to him from some fancied resemblance to Adriano de Armado, poor, proud and fantastical in *Love's Labour's Lost!* One of Avisa's lovers is called D.B., which of course may not stand for "Dorrell of Berkshire" or "Dorrell of Brasenose' but, then, perhaps it may. I may also add that the numerous

(*) It must be remembered that in old times the new year in England commenced on March 25th, so that all dates, from January 1st to March 24th inclusive, must be written as in the text.

scriptural references in the poem suggest the assistance of a theological student in the authorship.

Let me now confess that one of the clearest local allusions does not point to Mere at all, but to a place about thirty miles away.

> At wester side of Albion's isle,
> Where Austine pitcht his monkish tent,
> Where shepherds sing, where Muses smile—

is supposed to describe the place where the Goddesses met to compound the virtues of the peerless Avisa. This place I identify positively as Cerne Abbas in Dorset, on the road from Sherborne to Dorchester. Camden says of the Abbey of Cerne *quod ædificavit Augustinus ille Anglorum Apostolus*, and this is a very old tradition recorded by William of Malmesbury and Capgrave. The passage of Camden reads in English as follows: "Cerne Abbey, which was built by Austin, the English Apostle, when he had dashed to pieces the idol of the pagan Saxons named Heil, and had delivered them from their superstitious ignorance." On a hillside, close to Cerne Abbas, the gigantic figure of a man is marked out like the White Horse in Berkshire, the right hand of the figure, which is 180 feet high, holding a large club. In walking over this figure, when I stopped at Cerne Abbas, while bicycling from Sherborne to Dorchester, I could not help believing that I might be stepping upon the work of early Phoenician visitors to Britain. Cerne Abbas is the Abbot's Cernel of Thomas Hardy's novels.

The distance from Mere to Cerne Abbas need present no great difficulty in our interpretation of the poem. There was constant communication by post-horses between places like Mere and Dorchester. The innkeepers usually managed the post-horses, as in Norway at the present day, or perhaps it might be historically more correct to say that the keepers of post-horses developed into innkeepers. The constant communication brought about marriages between the families of innkeepers, and it is quite likely that the same family, or their connexions, kept inns from Mere to Cerne Abbas. Avisa might have served in the inn at Cerne Abbas before her marriage, and kept the inn at Mere after her marriage, or vice-versa.*

(*) A full description of the posting system in England, at this period, will be found in Fynes Moryson's Itinerary, part 3, page 61-62. London, 1617.

Six miles east of Cerne Abbas, is Melcomb Horsey, * where, at the time of our poem, there resided Sir Ralph Horsey, one of the great country gentlemen of Dorsetshire. It is to "the vertuous and chaste Ladie, the Ladie Edith, wife of the Right Worshipful Sir Rafe Horsey, knight," that Peter Colse dedicates his *Penelope's Complaint*, "seeing that an unknown author hath of late published a pamplet called Avisa (overslipping so many praiseworthy matrons), hath registered the meanest." Peter Colse also appends some fulsome acrostical verses to Sir Ralph Horsey himself, some to his daughter, Grace Horsey, and some Latin verses, signed S.D., in deprecation of the excessive praises bestowed on Avisa.

The following is the faithful and spirited English translation made of these verses by Dr. Grosart, who is very positive (for reasons which I cannot surmise) that S.D. did not stand for Samuel Daniel.

To his most dear friend, P.C.—S.D.

Why seeks she titles, boasts she riches, why—Avisa?
Is she with thy Penelope to vie?
The one renowned, revered, true to her own: Avisa,
An unknown woman from a place unknown,
The one spouse of a prince of glorious name: Avisa,
Child of an innkeeper, wife of the same.
The one is cheste, her husband being away: Avisa,
Chaste when he is at home, by night and day,
The one through twice ten years strong to endure: Avisa
Through scarce as many days could be kept pure,
The one to a hundred lorde refused her hand: Avisa
The price and prayers of seven could scarce withstand,
The one would spin until her task was done: Avisa
Ne'er tired the spinning wheel with what she spun;
The one the Greeks and Romans praise: Avisa
Has but one man her name and fame to raise;
Long live Penelope and flourish fair: Avisa
May never with Penelope compare.

It is probable that Sir Ralph Horsey had occasion to visit Mere, for the wife of Canon Potter, who held the living of Mere, was a lady of the Horsey family.† It is likely that Mr.

(*) I ought to mention that there are no Parish Registers for Avisa's time at either Cerne Abbas or Melcomb Horsey.

(†) Her sons Hannibal Potter and Francis Potter (born at Mere in 1594) were friends of Aubrey. A full account of them will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Francis Potter became Vicar of Mere, and had a controversy with the neighbouring parson of Pertwood on the *Number of the Beast*.

Colse—of whom nothing is known except *Penelope's Complaint*—had reason to believe that the Horsey family was deeply offended by *Willobie his Avisa*. Are we to suppose that worthy man, Sir Ralph Horsey, to have been one of Avisa's unsuccessful lovers?

For the argument of the poem is that the maid of the Inn, who is compared to the wife of Ulysses and the chaste Susanna* of the Apocrypha, is besieged by lover after lover. First comes a Nobleman (? Sir Ralph Horsey) who offers wealth and arguments, plenty of both, to induce her to become his "secret friend."†

After repulsing the Nobleman, Avisa marries in her own degree, and as an innkeeper's wife she is courted by "ruffians, roysters, young gentlemen, and lusty captains." First comes a Cavaleiro, who has the philosophy to say at the end of a long dialogue—

> Well, give me then a cup of wine,
> As thou art his, would thou wert mine.

Then we have D.B., a Frenchman, and then the curiously named "Dydimus Harco Anglo Germanus." These lovers were not natives of France or Germany, but Englishmen who made love after the fashion of those countries. In the 1635 edition, D.B. is expanded to Dan, Ben, and Harco (which suggests Harcourt) to Harconius. These do not help us, and as they were probably copied from the 1596 edition, were no doubt intentionally deceptive. "Didymus Harco" may have an explanation if we could find it; I may mention that a family living near Mere bore the singular name of Dirdo, and that Didymus suggests Thomas.

Last of all Avisa's lovers, and most passionate and persevering of all, is Henry Willoughby himself, who is called "Henrico Willobego Italo-Hispalensis." This is a fine study

(*) In September, 1592, the Registers of the Stationers' Company (Arber) have the entry—"Two balladeş following, viz.: The Story of Susanna being the xiiijth Chapter of Daniel, vj^{d}. The lamentacon of a mayde that through her own follye did suffer herselfe to be stollen awaie with a young man. vj^{d}."

(†) This courtship may profitably be compared with Gabriel Harvey's curious account of his sister Mercy's *Love-suit with a Nobleman*, 1574-75, printed in Vol. III. of Grosart's Edition of Harvey's works in the privately printed *Huth Library*.

of a violent and burning youthful passion. It is pourtrayed with life and feeling, and, I believe, it is based upon the true story of the relations between young Henry Willobie and the beauteous Avisa. And here comes "W.S." upon the scene. For Willobie, "not able any longer to indure the burning heate of so fervent a humour, bewrayeth the secrecy of his disease unto his familiar friend, W.S., who, not long before, had tried the curtesy of the like passion." W.S. gave practical advice as to perseverance, gifts, and tact, and gives him hope.

> She is no saint, she is no Nonne,
> I think in time she may be wonne.

Not only is the whole tone of the advice given in the stanzas addressed by W.S. to H.W. absolutely similar to that of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, printed in 1599, and attributed to Shakespeare, but the metre—six-line stanza, Hexameton—is identical.

Compare the following stanza from the *Passionate Pilgrim*:

> And to her will frame all thy ways,
> Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
> Where thy desert may merit praise,
> By ringing in thy lady's ear.
> The strongest castle, tower, and towne,
> The golden bullet beats it downe.

with the advice of W.S., in Canto XLVII., to H.W.:

> Apply her still, with divers things,
> (For gifts the wisest will deceive),
> Sometimes with gold, sometimes with rings,
> No time nor fit occasion leave.
> Though coy at first she seem, and wield,
> These toys in time will make her yield.

There is, so far as I can gather, no sufficient reason for denying that the *Passionate Pilgrim* was a juvenile composition of Shakespeare's, and here, in *Willobie his Avisa*, we find that W.S., "in viewing afar off, the course of this loving comedy, determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, than it did for the old player." Comedy, player, actor! Here be words. But Shakespeare! What was he doing down in that part of the country? How does he come to be walking down with Henry Willoughby to the George Inn at Mere? Every intelligent reader must have asked before this *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère là.*

And all my rambles lead to this, and this is just what led to all my ramblings. For except for the trace of Shakespeare's footsteps I should not have gone tracking Avisa from West Knoyle to Cerne Abbas. My line of argument is based on Shakespeare's relations with the young Earl of Southampton. In 1593, Shakespeare had dedicated to that nobleman the first heir of his invention, the poem *Venus and Adonis*. The dedication is formal and respectful, as from a modest writer to a wealthy patron of literature. There is no hint in it of personal friendship. But a remarkable change is shewn in the dedication of *Lucrece*, in the spring of 1594, which breathes an ardent devotion and lover-like friendship to the still youthful earl. They must have spent much time together in the interval, and as the plague was prevalent in London, in the summer of 1593, it seems likely and reasonable that Southampton should have taken Shakespeare with him into the country.

I was at first under the impression that Southampton was a landowner in Dorset, for his grandfather had received grants from the properties of the religious houses of Shaftesbury, Gillingham and Iwerne, but I found from Hutchin's *County History of Dorset* that the Shaftesbury domain was almost immediately transferred to the Herberts, and that the Gillingham and Iwerne lands were all alienated in the lifetime of Southampton's father. The young Earl's chief seats were apparently at Titchfield Abbey and Beaulieu Abbey, each about ten miles from Southampton, the former on the eastern and the latter on the western side of Southampton water. It was probably at Titchfield that Southampton's son and successor in the Earldom, Lord Treasurer to Charles II., resided during the Commonwealth. When the Lord Protector, Cromwell, wished to pay him a visit there, he left his house, and refused to receive the man whom he regarded as the murderer of his king, and the lawless tyrant of his country.

Shakespeare's Southampton in 1593 was young and unmarried, and might reasonably be expected to pay visits to his relatives. His mother was at this time preparing for a second marriage, and in May, 1594, became the wife of Sir Thomas Heneage. Southampton had no brothers, and his only sister was the wife of Thomas Arundel, eldest son of

Sir Matthew Arundel, of Wardour Castle, which, as I previously mentioned is only seven miles from West Knoyle. The mother of Thomas Arundel was Margaret Willoughby, daughter of Henry Willoughby, of Wollaton, in Nottinghamshire, and sister to the Francis Willoughby who built the splendid Elizabethan mansion at Wollaton, now the property of Lord Middleton.*

There was no near connection between Lady Arundel and the Willoughbys of West Knoyle, but we may be sure that there was a clan feeling among all branches of the noble house of Willoughby. Thomas Arundel was born in 1560—four years before Shakespeare—travelled on the continent by license from Elizabeth in 1579, and married Southampton's sister in 1585. They probably lived in Shaftesbury in a "fair, turretted house" built out of the ruins of the Abbey, for in 1572 William, Earl of Pembroke, demised to Sir Matthew Arundel, for three lives, "the great Court called the Abbey Court of the late monastery of Shaftesbury, and all other Courtes and void plattes of ground within the gate of the said monastery, and the front of building there called the Chequers, and of the site of the said monastery at the rate of £39 6s. 8d. per annum." Probably this fine house took in "the front of the building called the Chequers," or what we should now call "the administrative block" of the old Abbey. The house is shown in a plan of Shaftesbury, of 1615, reproduced in the *Dorset County History* as the chief building of the town, and it was still in possession of Southampton's brother-in-law, who had been created Lord Arundel of Wardour by James I., in 1604.

As Sir Matthew Arundel was still living at Wardour in 1593 it is almost certain that Sir Thomas Arundel, with his wife and young family, was occupying the Shaftesbury mansion when Southampton came, as we may suppose, for a visit in the autumn of that year, bringing Shakespeare with him in his train. They had probably ridden from Titchfield, through Southampton, or from Beaulieu across the New Forest by Lyndhurst, to Salisbury, and may have called upon the Earl of Pembroke, at

(*) See two interesting articles by Lady Middleton in the New Review for October and December, 1889, where an account is given from family papers of the interminable quarrels between Lady Arundel and her brother's wife.

Wilton, where they would see young William Herbert, then a boy of thirteen, and talked with his mother, Sidney's sister. From Salisbury to Shaftesbury they would travel along the great high road from London to Plymouth. Cecil's couriers from Plymouth, with news of the Spanish fleets, passed regularly by Sherborne, Shaston (the old name for Shaftesbury, still used on milestones) and Salisbury, and they, marked the time of their arrival at each of these places on their dispatches, as a proof of their diligence. When Shakespeare, then as I assume for the reasons given, was staying at Shaftesbury, young Henry Willobie, poet and lover, would seek out the author of *Venus and Adonis*, and the youth of nineteen would feel the greatness of the master-poet of twenty-nine. He would tell him of his passion for Avisa, and they would stroll round together to the little town of Mere. Perhaps they would decipher together the inscription on John Bettesthorne's old brass, two hundred years old even then, and moralize upon it. Lord Southampton, who was only a year older than Henry Willobie, had probably met him at Oxford, for in the previous year that young nobleman had received an M.A. degree from the University, shortly before Queen Elizabeth's visit. This academical distinction was probably due to Southampton's vast wealth rather than to his patronage of literature.

In making our fancy picture of this west-country visit, we must not forget that the poet would read aloud to his two young admirers passages from the *Rape of Lucrece*, on which he was at work, and the dedication of which has immortalised Southampton.

In the spring of 1595, Sir Thomas Arundel betook himself to Hungary, to fight the Turks. Henry Willoughby had just taken his degree, and had evidently suffered severely from his hopeless passion for Avisa. What more natural than that he should go as squire to this knight-errant? I think he may have done so, but I cannot prove it. The present Lord Arundel, of Wardour, tells me that the sack of his castle, by the Roundheads, in the Civil Wars, has caused his family papers to be defective for this period, and that he has no records as to those who followed his ancestor to assist the Emperor Rudolph. He informs me, however, that there is a tradition that a young Mr.

Bowles, of Shaftesbury, ancestor of Canon Bowles, the poet, accompanied Sir Thomas to Hungary, and no doubt other young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were of the expedition. Lord Arundel has also given me a reference to a letter written by his ancestor to Burleigh, in which he says: "Being arrived at the very instant of the great and onlie battaile between us and the Turk [i.e., the battle of Gran or Strigonium, August, 1595], I presented myself in the front of the armie, where, by reason of my plumes of feathers, of my armour, bases, and furniture, all full of gold and silver, I was marked presently of all men's eyes."* But Sir Thomas was not only a gorgeous personage, but also a stern fighter, as may be seen from the English translation of the Patent, dated at Prague, December 14th, 1595, in which the Emperor Rudolph created him a count of the Holy Roman Empire, a title which descends to the present Lord Arundel of Wardour. "Whereas you have come from so great a distance into Hungary, at your own expense, to bear arms under us against the Turk, and have behaved yourself with undaunted bravery, both in the open field, and in besieging cities and camps, so as to be held in general admiration . . . being observed that near Gran, you, with your own hand, took the banner from the Tower, and during the engagement placed yourself in front of the army." So Sir Thomas Arundel was covered with glory, but I think that Henry Willobie was killed. Hadrian Dorell's preface had described him as "departed voluntarily to His Majesty's service" before he had taken his degree at Oxford; but we must remember that the expedition of Sir Thomas had probably been arranged some time before-hand, and may have suffered postponements. The misleading "Apologie," printed in the year 1596 and subsequent editions, speaks of Henry Willoughby as *nuper defunctus*. Now, fighting the Turk is not, strictly speaking, "Her Majesty's service," and *nuper defunctus* is a very tame expression if Willobie died in action. He may, however, have died of disease, and the "Apologie" is a mass of mystification, so much so, indeed, that I omit all reference to its obvious and glaring falsifications of dates.†

(*) See an article by Lord Arundel, of Wardour, in the *Dublin Review*, January, 1891.

(†) "This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for thirty and five yeeres since." See *Apologie*.

With all these allowances, it is not the most extravagant of my suppositions that the hapless young lover of Avisa died on this Hungarian crusade.

In those days, as at present, the great landowners of a county were usually on friendly terms with one another, and in the days of Elizabeth, as in the pre-County Council days of Victoria, they managed or controlled the county business. The only record that I have found of the friendly and official relations that probably existed between the Arundels and Sir Ralph Horsey, is that Sir Matthew Arundell, shortly before his death, which happened in 1598, nominated a new Board of Trustees, or governing body for the Grammar School at Milton Abbas—Sir Matthew being the only surviving trustee—and that two of the new trustees were Sir Thomas Arundel and Sir Ralph Horsey. It is needless to quote any of the facts recorded in the county histories about these two noble families. Suffice it to say, that the Horseys hastened swiftly to decay, with the assistance, it is believed, of speculations in ironworks.

Though it is the trail of Shakespeare that I have been following, in commenting on *Willobie his Avisa*, I would not have it thought that I consider the poem destitute of poetical merit. Dr. Grosart says:—"As a whole, it is inartistic, and poorly wrought; yet now and again there is a pleasant smoothness, with a brook-like ripple of music, and jets of vivacity, and touches of real feeling. The pleading of those who woo Avisa to falsify her marriage vow is often vivacious, and in keeping with the character." With this judgment I agree, and might even give warmer praise. Unfortunately the long replies of the virtuous Avisa are not equally satisfactory from the point of view of human nature. The classical and scriptural illustrations, and the argumentative weighing of the advantages of virtue, are quite inconsistent with the character of an innkeeper's daughter. Avisa has to weave elaborate variations upon the theme, "Go away, naughty man," and the passages that ring true in her speeches are those in which she expresses her content with the husband of her choice. The position of an innkeeper's wife or daughter lends itself admirably to the scheme of the poem. It is part of her trade to be friendly and agreeable to customers, and if she has

exceptional beauty, it is a business advantage. She is quite accustomed and hardened to outspoken admiration. The conversation of numerous admirers sharpens her wits, and she is usually well able to take care of herself. Even in these days of the degeneration of country inns, how often does the conversation of a landlady or landlord's daughter, charged with local gossip, brighten a walking tour, or cheer the fugitive cyclist. Nevertheless, we need not be surprised at the cynical advice of W.S. Ann Hathaway's husband had not been living in strait-laced society in London, and the fascinating actor had no doubt encountered landladies of a more coming-on disposition than belonged to Avisa. Even in after years, when Mr. John Davenant became a licensed victualler at Oxford, Mr. William Shakespeare was welcomed by Mistress Davenant with such suspicious heartiness, that she did not 'scape calumny. Her son, Sir William Davenant, plumed himself mightily on this gossip's tale, which accounted, he thought, both for his Christian name and his gifts of stage-craft.

If we may read facts between the lines of our poem, it is clear that Mistress Avice Forward—in case that was the lady's name—was throughly content with her position in life, and her sentiments are well expressed in the verses *The praise of a contented mind*, printed at the end of *Willobie his Avisa*. The last lines are :—

> Of all the brave resounding words,
> Which God to man hath lent,
> This soundeth sweetest in mine ear
> To say *I am content*.

I wish I could say that I am quite content with the result of my investigations of *Willobie his Avisa*. It has been a matter of groping about in a fog of Elizabethan enigmas. I have not succeeded in definitely proving that Thomas Dorell had a share in the authorship. I have only brought possibilities to bear on the name of the heroine. But I venture to think that as the result of the foregoing pages the following conclusions may be accepted.

(1) The local allusions in the poem point to Mere and Cerne Abbas, and the hostelry pointed out by H.W. to W.S. was probably situated at Mere.

(2) There are very strong reasons why we may believe that Shakespeare was present in the neighbourhood of Mere within about a year of the publication of "Willobie his Avisa."

(3) The cumulative evidence makes it almost certain that the W.S. of the poem stands for William Shakespeare.

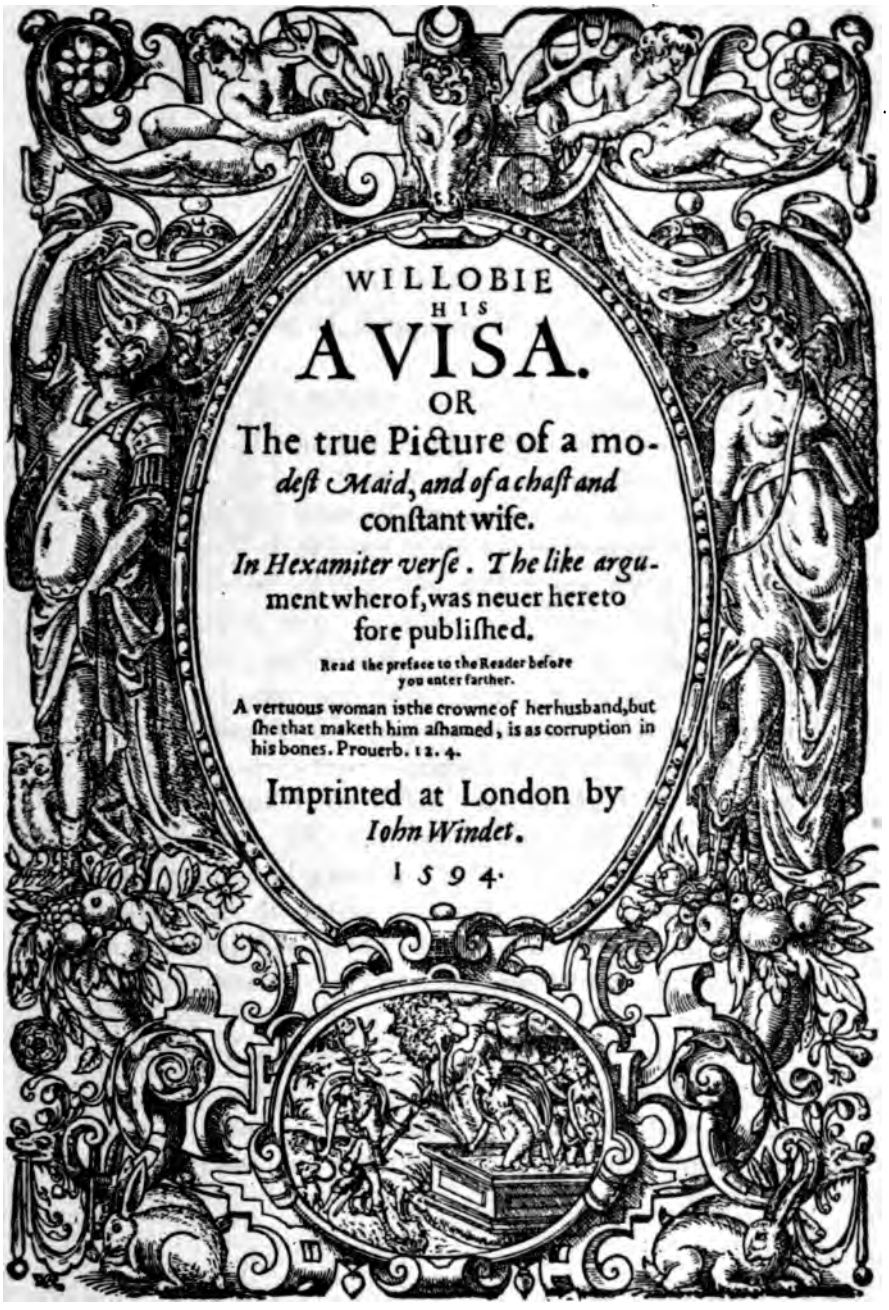
CHAS. HUGHES.

Manchester,
April, 1904.

[Since I wrote this introduction, I have seen Dr. Creighton's new book, *Shakespeare's Story of his Life*, in which pages 182 to 204 are devoted to a minute study of *Willobie his Avisa*.

Dr. Creighton is convinced that the author was the Earl of Southampton, and, indeed, says that this "is morally certain." He also apparently thinks that the author-earl was painting himself as the Nobleman, as the Cavaleiro, and as the love-sick H.W., which he thinks stand for Henry Wriothesley. The close association of Southampton and Shakespeare, in these years, accounts for these conjectures being made; but the evidence for the theory that Southampton was a poet is slender indeed. Dr. Creighton thinks that Florio's statement in the dedication of the *World of Words* (1598) "is very explicit." The passage specifies "your studies, your conceits, your exercise. . . . Your studies, much in all, most in Italian excellence; your conceits, by understanding others, *to work above them in your own*; your exercise, to read what the world's best wits have written, and to speak as they write." The italics are Dr. Creighton's, not Florio's, and this compliment is addressed to three noble patrons: Roger, Earl of Rutland; Henry, Earl of Southampton; and Lucie, Countess of Bedford, and not to Southampton personally. A dedication like this only conveys the truism that a writer thinks that the rich and noble persons, who give him pay and patronage, are gifted with remarkable intelligence. If I had not happened to possess a copy of Florio's book, I should have accepted Dr. Creighton's quotations as being addressed to Southampton alone.

Some of Dr. Creighton's conjectures are, however, very much to the point. He recognises Avisa as being the old English name Avice, or Avis, thinks the curious use of Avis points to the surname Bird, and referring to the line: "Her sire, the mayor of the town," has found that the most common name among the mayors of Winchester was Bird, Richard Bird having been mayor three times, and Anthony Bird twice, between 1571 and 1599; but he has found no record of an Avis Bird. Dr. Creighton suggests that Helicon, in the line: "Old Helicon revives again," refers to Wilton, the residence of Philip Sydney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. This is plausible, but when we read: "At east of this, a castle stands," we are referred twenty miles east to Merdon Castle, in Hampshire, and are told that the line: "By ancient shepherds built of old," refers to the Bishops of Winchester, who once held Merdon Castle. This then being assumed to be the birthplace of Avisa, Dr. Creighton has discovered that some persons named Yate, who concealed some Jesuits for Southampton's mother, lived at Pitt Farm, near Merdon, and an Avis Yate is found, in 1636, keeping an inn, at Basingstoke. The collection of these isolated facts shews much research. Dr. Creighton finds proof of his theories from the line: "At west side springs a crystal well," for he says that, on the western side of Merdon Castle is a famous well, "said to be deeper than that of Carisbrooke." How this well "springs," or can be seen by any human eye to be "crystal" is beyond me. The line suggests a natural spring, bubbling into a cistern, like the crystal well among the ruins of Cerne Abbey. Crystal springs are, however, common enough in the chalk country. Dr. Creighton dismisses Henry Willoughby and Hadrian Dorrell as myths, and makes no mention of the Horseys. He starts out, indeed, with a firm conviction of Southampton's authorship. He believes that D.B. stands for Barnabe Barnes, and D.H. for Gabriel Harvey, but reserves his evidence for this. Let me end upon a note of agreement. Dr. Creighton has contrived, as I have done, to bring into the discussion of D.B. the name of Adriano de Armado. C.H.]



[Facsimile from the British Museum copy of The First Edition.]

To all the constant Ladies & Gen-
tlewomen of England that feare God.

PARDON me (sweete Ladies,) if at this present, I deprive you of a just Apology in defence of your constant Chastities, deserved of many of you, and long sithence promised by my selfe, to some of you: and pardon mee the sooner, for that I have long expected that the same should have beene perfourmed by some of your selves, which I know are well able, if you were but so wellwilling to write in your owne praise, as many men in these dayes (whose tounges are tipt with poyson) are too ready and over willing, to speake and write to your disgrace. This occasion had bene most fit, (publishing now the praise of a constant wife) if I had bene but almost ready. But the future time may agayne reveale as fit a meanes heereafter for the perfourmance of the same: if so it seeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I have presumed to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed courtesies; if yee aske me for the persons: I am altogether ignorant of them, and have set them downe, onely as I finde them named or disciphered in my author. For the trueth of this

this action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliver my opinion hereafter. Touching the substance of the matter it selfe, I thinke verily that the nature, woordes, gestures, promises, and very quintessence, as it were, is there lively described, of such lewd chapmen as use to entise silly maides and assayle the Chastity of honest women. And no doubt but some of you, that have beene tried in the like case, (if ever you were tryed,) shall in some one part or other acknowledge it to bee true. If mine Author have found a Brytaine Lucretia, or an English Susanna, envy not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endevor to deserve the like. There may be as much done for any of you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatsoever is in me, I have vowed it wholy, to the exalting of the glory of your sweete sex, as time, occasion and ability shall permit. In the meane time I rest yours in all dutyfull affection, and commend you all to his protection, under whose mercy we enjoy all.

Yours most affectionate,
Hadrian Dorrell.

To the gentle & courteous Reader.

IT *is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good frend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Majesties service. Who at his departure, chose me amongst the rest of his frends, unto whome he reposed so much trust, that he delivered me the key of his study, and the use of all his bookes till his returne. Amongest which (perusing them at leysure) I found many prety & witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne dooing. One among the rest I fancied so much, that I have ventered so farre upon his frendship, as to publish it without his consent. As I thinke it not necessary, to be over curious in an other mans labour, so yet something I must say for the better understanding of the whole matter. And therefore, first for the thing it selfe, whether it be altogether fayned, or in some part true, or altogether true ; and yet in most part Poetically shadowed, you must give me leave to speake by conjecture, and not by knowledge. My conjecture is doubtfull, and therfore I make you the Judges. Concerning the name of* AVISA, *I think it to be a fained name, like unto* Ovids Corinna ; *and there are two causes that make mee thus to thinke. First, for that I never heard of any of that name that I remember ; and next for that in a*

in a voide paper rolled up in this boke, I found this very name AVISA. *written in great letters a prety distance a sunder, & under every letter a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme.*

A. V. I. S. A.

Amans. vxor. inviolata. semper. amanda.

That is in effect. A loving wife, that never violated her faith, is alwaies to be beloved. *Which makes me conjecture that he minding for his recreation to set out the Idea of a constant wife, (rather describing what good wives should doe then registring what any hath done) devised a womans name, that might fitly express this womans nature whom he would aime at: desirous in this (as I conjecture) to imitate a far off, ether* Plato *in his Common wealth, or* More *in his Utopia. This my surmise of his meaning, is confirmed also by the sight of other odd papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of* Cornelius Agrippa, *drawen the severall dispositions of the Italian, the Spanyard, the French man, the German, and the English man, and how they are affected in love. The Italian dissembling his love, assaileth the woman beloved, with certain prepared wantonesse: hee praiseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the Heavens.*

The Spanyard is unpatient in burning love, very mad with troubled lasciviousnesse, hee runneth furiously, and with pittyfull complaintes, bewailing his fervent desire, doth call upon his Lady, and worshippeth her, but having obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.

The Frenchman endevoreth to serve, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songes and disports &c.

The Germane & Englishman being nigher of nature, are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entice with giftes &c. Which severall

rall qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assaultes made by the noble man, and the lustie Cavalieros, Captaines, or Cutters &c. Signifying by this generalitie that our noble men, gentlemen, captaines. and lusty youthes have of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to sollicit their cause, & court their Ladies, and lovers, & this continueth from the second Canto, to the ende of the two and twentieth.

After this he comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainely, and beginneth first with the French man under the shadow of these Letters, D. B. *from the three and twentieth Canto unto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly the Englishman or Germane, under these Letters,* D. H. *from the* 34. *Canto unto the ende of the forty three. Lastly the Spanyard and Italian, who more furiously invadeth his love, & more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure Canto to the ende of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his owne love, I know not, and I will not bee curious.*

All these are so rightly described according to their nature, that it may seeme the Author rather meant to showe what suites might be made, and how they may be aunsweared, then that there hath bene any such thing indeede.

These thinges of the one side leade me to thincke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morrall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides & women in such temptations should stand upon their guard, considering the glory & praise that commendes a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy, and foule contempt that waiteth upon a wicked and dissolute behaviour.

Yet of the other side, when I do more deepely consider of it, and

& more narrowly weigh every particular part, I am driven to thinke that there is some thing of trueth hidden under this shadow. The reasons that move me are these, First in the same paper where I found the name of AVISA *written in greate letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the Authors owne hande, videlicet.* Yet I would not have *Avisa* to be thought a politike fiction, nor a truethlesse invention, for it may be, that I have at least heard of one in the west of England, in whome the substaunce of all this hath bene verified, and in many thinges the very wordes specified: which hath indured these and many more, and many greater assaultes, yet, as I heare, she standes unspotted, and unconquered.

Againe, if we marke the exact descriptions of her birth, her countrie, the place of her abode; and such other circumstances, but especially the matter and manner of their talkes and conferences, me thinkes it a matter almost impossible that any man could invent all this without some ground or foundation to build on.

This inforceth me to conjecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is some thing under these fained names and showes that hath bene done truely. Now judge you, for I can give no sentence in that I know not. If there bee any such constant wife, (as I doubt not but there may bee) I wish that there were more would spring from her ashes, and that all were such. Whether my Author knew, or heard of any such I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge, I dare to sweare, that I know one, A.D. *that either hath, or would, if occasion were so offered, indure these, and many greater temptations with a constant mind and setled heart. And therfore here I must worthely reprehend the envious rage, both of Heathen poets, and of some Christian and English writers, which*

so

so farre debase the credite and strength of the whole sexe, that they feare not with lying toungs wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they bee tried. Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of the old Poets.

Ludunt formosae, casta est, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches love to play.
And they are onely chast, whome no man doth assay.

And againe

Rara avis in terris, nigroq; simillima cygno,
Foemina casta volat.

A rare-seene bird that never flies, on earth ne yet in aire,
Like blackish Swan, a woman chast; if she be yong and faire.

This false opinion bred those foule-mouthed speeches of Frier Mantuan, *that upbraides all women with fleeting unconstancy. This made* Ariosto *and others to invent, and publish so many lewd and untrue tales of womens unfaithfulnes. And this is the cause, that in this booke ye shall so often find it objected against* AVISA *by all her sutors, that no woman of what degree so ever can be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and course conceit is received but onely among common, lewd, & carelesse men, who being wicked themselves, give sentence of all others, according to the loose and lawlesse humours wherewithall they feele their owne straying and wandring affections to be infected. For they forsooth, because in divers and sundrie places, (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angell and a great deale lesse, have hired nagges to ride at their pleasure, such as make a sinnefull gaine of a filthy carkasse; because in other countries, where stewes and brothelhouses are winckt at, they see oftentimes, the fairest and not the meanest flocke to the fellowship of such filthy freedome, Thinke presently, that it is but a mony matter, or a little intreatie, to overthrow*

throw the chastity of any woman whatsoever. But if all women were in deede such as the woman figured under the name of AVISA *either is, or at least is supposed to bee, they should quickly restore againe their auncient credite and glory which a few wicked wantons have thus generally obscured. In the twentie and seven Canto, I find how* D.B. *perswadeth with* A. *that it is little sinne or no fault to love a frend besides her husband. Whereupon, inquiring more of the matter I have heard some of the occupation verifie it for a trueth: That among the best sort, they are accompted very honest women in some cities now, that love but one frend besides their husband, and that it is thought amongst them a thing almost lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thincke it to bee true, because wicked men feare not to report any untrueths) but if it be true, I feare least the ripenesse of our sin cry to the Lord for vengeance against us, that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods judgements, that have bound a heavy curse & woe upon the backe and conscience of them,* That speake good of evill, and evill of good. *That is, such as are growne to that pointe, that they are no longer ashamed of their sinne, nor care for any honesty, but are become wilfully desperate in the performance of all kind of impiety.*

But I leave this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to returne to my purpose, although I must confesse that of all sortes of people, there have been and will be still some loosely and lewdly given, yet this can bee no excuse to lavishe tongues, to condemne all generally. For, I dare to venter my hand, and my head upon this point, that, let the foure moral vertues be in order set downe. { Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, Justice } *and let the holy scriptures be searched from the beginning to the end, & let*

let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will bee found women inough, that in the performance of all these vertues, have matched, if not overmatched men of every age, which I dare myselfe, to verifie in their behalfes upon the venter and losing of my credite, if I had time and leasure. Among infinite numbers to give you a taste of one or two: for wisedome, and Justice, what say you to Placilla *wife to the Emperour* Theodosius*? She was wont every day in her owne person, to visite the sicke, the poore, and the maymed: And if at any time shee saw the Emperour declining from Justice to any hard course, shee would bid him* Remember himselfe, from whence he came, & what he was, in what state hee had bene, and in what state he was now; which if he would do, he should never wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercyfull and just. Theodoret eccles. hist. lib. 5. cap. 17.

For temperance, how say you to the wife of one Pelagius, *of* Laodicea *which being yong her selfe, and married to a young and lusty man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly to forbeare carnall pleasure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example, for any liking I have to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather, against the curious carpers at womens strength, to prove that some women have done that which few men can doe.* Theodor. eccl. hist. li. 4. c. 10.

For Fortitude and temperance both, I finde, that in Antioche, *there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather then they would be defloured, cast themselves allwillingly into a great river, and so drowned themselves.* Eusebius libr. 8. cap. 24.

And also, that in Rome *there was a Senatours wife, who when she heard, that there were messengers sent from* Maxentius *the tirant, to bring her unto him, perforce, to be ravished of him; and seeing that her husband was not of ability and* Cap. 27. Loke for Blandina in Eusebius, a rare example of constancy and fortitude.

and power to defend her, she used this pollicy. Shee requested that they would give her leave to put on som better apparel & to attire herselfe more decently: which being graunted, and she gotten into a chamber by herselfe, she tooke a sword and perced her selfe to the hart, rather then she would be counted the Emperours whore.

By this may be seene what might be sayd in this argument, but leaving this to some other time, or to some other better able; I returne to my author.

For the persons & matter, you have heard my conjecture, now for the manner of the composition, disposition, invention, and order of the verse, I must leave every mans sence to himselfe, for that which pleaseth me, may not fancy others. But to speake my judgement, the invention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor (that I know) ever handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse: Although hee flye not alofte with the winges of Astrophell *nor dare to compare with the Arcadian shepheard, or any way match with the dainetie Fayry Queene; yet shall you find his wordes and phrases, neither Tryviall nor absurd, but all the whole worke, for the verse, pleasant, without hardnesse, smooth without any roughnesse, sweet without tediousnesse, easie to be understood, without harrish absurdity: yeelding a gratious harmony every where, to the delight of the Reader.*

I have christened it by the name of Willoby his Avisa: *because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my bouldness, both in the publishing, and naming of it, I know not. For the incouraging and helping of maides and wives to holde an honest and constant course against all unhonest and lewd temptations, I have doone that I have doone. I have not added nor detracted any thing from*

To the Reader.

from the worke it selfe, but have let it passe without altering any thing: Onely in the end I have added to fill up some voyd paper certaine fragmentes and ditties, as a resolution of a chast and constant wife, to the tune of Fortune, and the praise of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong unto this or not.

Thus leaving to trouble your patience with farder delaies, I commit you to the good government of Gods spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

Hadrian Dorrell.

Abell Emet in commendation of Willobies Avisa.

TO Willoby, you worthy Dames yeeld worthy prayse,
Whose silver pype so sweetly sounds your strange delayes,
Whose loftly style, with golden winges remounts your fame,
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotles name:
O happy wench, who so she be if any be,
That thus deservd thus to be praisd by Willobie.
Shall I beleeve, I must beleeve, such one there is,
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such on[e] there is;
If one there be, I can beleeve there are no more,
This wicked age, this sinfull tyme breeds no such store:
Such silver myntes, such golden mines who could refuse?
Such offers made and not recev'd, I greatly muse.
Such deepe deceit in frendly shewes, such tempting fittes,
To still withstand, doth passe the reach of womens wittes:
You Country maides, Pean nimphes rejoyce and sing,
To see from you a chast, a new Diana spring:
At whose report you must not frett, you may not frowne,
But rather strive by due desert for like renowne,
Her constant faith in hot assaye hath wonne the game,
Whose praise shall live, when she is dead with lasting fame.
If my conceit from strangers mouth may credit get,
A braver Theame, more sweetly pend, was never yet.

Abell Emet.

In praise of Willobie *his* Avisa, *Hexameton to the Author.*

IN Lavine Land though Livie bost,
There hath beene seene a Constant *dame:*
Though Rome *lament that she have lost*
The Gareland *of her rarest fame,*
Yet now we see, that here is found
As great a Faith *in* English *ground.*

Though Collatine *have deerely bought,*
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine have sought,
To have a Faire *and* Constant *wife,*
Yet Tarquyne *pluckt his glistering grape,*
And Shake-speare, *paints poore* Lucrece *rape.*

Though Susan *shine in faithfull praise,*
As twinckling starres in Christall skie,
Penelop's *fame though* Greekes *do raise,*
Of faithfull wives to make up three,
To thinke the Truth *and say no lesse,*
Our Avisa *shall make a messe.*

This number knits so sure a knot,
Time *doubts, that she shall adde no more,*
Unconstant Nature *hath begot,*
Of Fleeting Feemes *such fickle store,*
Two thousand yeares have scarcely seene,
Such as the worst of these have beene.

Then

Then Avi-Susan *joyne in one,*
Let Lucres-Avis *be thy name*
This English Eagle *sores alone,*
And farre surmounts all others fame,
Where high or low, where great or small,
This Brytan Bird *out-flies them all.*

Were these three happie, that have found
Brave Poets *to depaint their praise?*
Of Rurall Pipe, *with sweetest sound,*
That have beene heard these many daies,
Sweete wylloby his AVIS blest,
That makes her mount above the rest.

Contraria Contrarijs
Vigilantius : Dormitanus.

Faults escaped.

Folio 8 b staf 2 ver 1 reade bane ver 3 wane Fol 18 a staf 1 ver 2 Soyle staf 4 ye 6 foxly b staf 4 ver 2 and Fol 26 a staf 3 ver 4 foole Fol 27 a staf 3 ver 1 Greece b staf 1 ver 4 strey staf 2 ver 6 fond Fol 28 b staf 1 ver 1 die staf 3 ver 6 from.

Willobie His Avisa:

or

The true picture of a modest Maide,

and of a chast and constant

wife.

CANT. I.

LET martiall men,
of Mars his praise,
Sound warlike trumpe:
let lust-led youth,
Of wicked love,
write wanton layes;
Let sheepeheards sing,
their sheepe coates ruth:
The wiser sort,
confesse it plaine,
That these have spent good time in vaine.

My sleepie Muse that wakes but now,
Nor now had wak't if one had slept,
To vertues praise hath past her vow,
To paint the Rose which grace hath kept,
Of sweetest Rose, that still doth spring,
Of vertues birde my Muse must sing.

The

The birde that doth resemble right,
The Turtles faith in constant love,
The faith that first her promise plight;
No change, nor chance could once remove:
This have I tri'd; This dare I trust,
And sing the truth, I will, I must.

Afflicted *Susans* spotlesse thought,
Intis'd by lust to sinfull crime,
To lasting fame her name hath brought,
Whose praise incounters endlesse time:
I sing of one whose beauties warre,
For trials passe *Susanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowmed mate,
That still withstoode such hote assayes,
Of raging lust whose doubtfull state,
Sought strong refuge, from strange delayes,
For fierce assaults and tryals rare,
With this my Nimph may not compare.

Hote tryals try where Golde be pure,
The Diamond daunts the sharpest edge,
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not indure,
All quickly leape the lowly hedge,
The object of my Muse hath past
Both force and flame, yet stands she fast.

Though Egle-eyde this bird appeare,
Not blusht at beames of Phoebus raies:
Though Faulkcon winged to pearce the aire,
Whose high-pla'st hart no feare dismaies:
Yet sprang she not from Egles nest,
But Turtle-bred, loves Turtle best.

At

At wester side of Albions Ile,
Where Austine pitcht his Monkish tent,
Where Sheepheards sing, where Muses smile,
The graces met with one consent,
To frame each one in sundry parte,
Some cunning worke to shew their arte.

First *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
A sweete aspect and comly grace;
There did the Rose and Lillie lie,
That bravely deckt a smiling face,
Here Cupid's mother bent her wil,
In this to shew her utmost skill.

Then *Pallas* gave a reaching head,
With deepe conceites, and passing wit,
A setled mind, not fancie-led,
Abhorring Cupids frantique fit,
With modest lookes, and blushing cheekes,
A filed tongue which none mislikes.

Diana deckt the remnant partes,
With fewture brave, that nothing lacke,
A quiver full of pearcing Darts,
She gave her hanging at her backe;
And in her hand a Golden shaft,
To conquer Cupids creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
Of novell worke, of peerlesse frame;
Amongst them three, contention grew,
But yet *Diana* gave the name,
Avisa shall she called be,
The chiefe attendant still on me.

When

When *Juno* view'd her luring grace,
Olde *Juno* blusht to see a new,
She fear'd least *Jove* would like this face,
And so perhaps might play untrew,
They all admir'd so sweete a sight,
They all envide so rare a wight.

Beautie without riches, is as a faire picture without life.

When *Juno* came to give her wealth,
(Which wanting beauty, wants her life)
She cryde, this face needes not my pelffe,
Great riches sow the seedes of strife:
I doubt not some Olympian power
Will fill her lap, with Golden shower,

Jealosie breedes envy: Both together breede frenzie, yet neither of them both can prevaile against wandring fancie.

This jealous *Juno* faintly said,
As halfe misdeeming wanton Jove,
But chast *Diana* tooke the maide,
Such new-bred qualmes quite to remove:
O jealous envie, filthie beast,
For envie *Juno* gave her least.

A straunge bayte.

In lew of *Juno's* Golden parte
Diana gave her double grace;
A chast desire, a constant heart,
Disdaine of love in fawning face,
A face, and eye, that should intice,
A smile, that should deceive the wise.

A sober tongue that should allure,
And draw great numbers to the fielde;
A flintie hart, that should indure
All fierce assaults, and never yeelde,
And seeming oft as though she would;
Yet fardest off when that she should.

Can

Can filthy sinke yeelde holsome aire,
Or vertue from a vice proceede?
Can envious hart, or jealous feare
Repell the things that are decreed?
By envie though she lost her thrift,
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,
A rosie vale in pleasant plaine;
The Nimphes frequent this happie dale,
Olde Helicon revives againe;
Here Muses sing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth resounds both night and day.

At East of this, a Castle stands,
By auncient sheepheards built of olde,
And lately was in sheepheards hands,
Though now by brothers bought and solde,
At west side springs a Christall well;
There doth this chast *Avisa* dwell.

And there she dwels in publique eye,
Shut up from none that list to see;
She answeres all that list to try,
Both high and low of each degree:
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And try her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behaviour breeds their hope,
Their hope assures them to obtaine,
Till having runne their witlesse scope;
They find their vice by vertue crost,
Their foolish words, and labour lost.

This

This strange effect, that all should crave,
Yet none obtaine their wrong desire,
A secret gift, that nature gave,
To feele the frost, amidst the fire:
Blame not this Dians Nimphe too much,
Sith God by nature made her such.

Let all the graces now be glad,
That fram'd a grace that past them all,
Let *Juno* be no longer sad;
Her wanton Jove hath had a fall;
Ten yeares have tryde this constant dame,
And yet she holds a spotles fame.

Along this plaine there lyes a downe,
Where sheepheards feed their frisking flocke;
Her Sire the Mayor of the towne,
A lovely shout of auncient stocke,
Full twentie yeares she lived a maide,
And never was by man betrayde.

At length by *Juno's* great request,
Diana loth, yet gave her leave,
Of flowring yeares, to spend the rest,
A good gift. In wed-locke band; but yet receive,
Quod she, this gift; Thou virgin pure,
Chast wife in wed-locke shalt indure.

O happie man that shall enjoy
A blessing of so rare a price;
That frees the hart from such annoy;
As often doth torment the wise,
A loving wife unto her death,
With full assurance of her faith.

When

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was returnd,
From countrie hils, in towne to dwell,
With special gifts and grace adornd,
Of sutors store there might you see;
And some were men of high degree.

But wisdom wild her choose her mate,
If that she lov'd a happy life,
That might be equall to her state,
To crop the sprigges of future strife;
Where rich in grace, wher sound in health,
Most men do wed, but for the wealth.

Though jealous *Juno* had denyde
This happy wench, great store of pelffe;
Yet is she now in wed-locke tyde,
To one that loves her as himselfe,
So thus they live, and thus they love;
And God doth blesse them from above.

This rare seene bird, this Phoenix sage
Yeeldes matter to my drowsie pen,
The mirror of this sinneful age,
That gives us beasts in shapes of men,
Such beasts as still continue sinne,
Where age doth leave, there youths begin.

Our English soile, to Sodoms sinke
Excessive sinne transformd of late,
Of foule deceite the lothsome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,
The greatest sinnes mongst greatest sort,
Are counted now but for a sport.

Old

Old Asues grandame is restor'd;
2. Chro. 15. 16. Her grovie Caves are new refinde:
The monster Idoll is ador'd
By lustie dames of Macha's kinde:
They may not let this worship fall,
Although they leese their honours all.

Our Moab Cozbies cast no feare,
Numer. 25. 6. To let in view of every eye,
Their gainelesse games they holde so deere,
They follow must, although they dye.
For why? the sword that Phineas wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Muse, that never try'd
Her joynted wings till present time,
At first the perelesse bird espyed,
That mounts aloft, devoide of crime;
Though high she sore, yet will I trie,
Where I her passage can discry.

Her high conceites, her constant minde;
Her sober talk, her stout denies;
Her chast advise, here shall you find;
Her fierce assaults, her milde replies,
Her dayly fight with great and small,
Yet constant vertue conquers all.

The first that saies to plucke the Rose,
That scarce appear'd without the bud,
With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glose,
To sow the seeds that were not good;
Suppose it were some noble man
That tride her thus, and thus began.

The

The first triall of AVISA, before she was married, by a Noble man: under which is *represented a warning to all young maids* of every degree, that they beware of the alluring intisements of great men.

CANT. II.

NOB.

NOW is the time,
if thou be wise,
Thou happie maide,
if thou canst see,
Thy happiest time,
take good advise,
Good fortune laughs,
be rulde by me:
Be rulde by me,
and her's my faith,
No Golde shall want thee till thy death.

Thou knowest my power, thou seest my might,
Thou knowest I can maintaine thee well,
And help thy friends unto their right;
Thou shalt with me for ever dwell,
My secret friend thou shalt remaine,
And all shall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou seest thy parents meane estate,
That barres the hope of greater chance;
And if thou prove not wise too late,
Thou maist thy self, and thine advance;
Repulse not fondly this good hap,
That now lies offred in thy lap.

Abound-

Abandon feare that bars consent,
Repel the shame that feares a blot,
Let wisdome way what faith is ment,
That all may praise thy happie lot;
Thinke not I seeke thy lives disgrace;
For thou shalt have a Ladies place.

Thou art the first my fancie chose,
I know my friends will like it well;
This friendly fault to none disclose,
And what thou thinkst, blush not to tell,
Thou seest my love, thou know'st my mind,
Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA.

YOUR Honours place, your riper yeares,
Might better frame some graver talkes:
Midst sunny rayes, this cloud appears;
Sweet Roses grow on prickly stalkes:
If I conceive, what you request,
You aime at that I most detest.

My tender age that wants advice,
And craves the aide of sager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wise,
To stay my steps from slipperie slides;
Then thus to sucke, then thus to tast
The poys'ned sap, that kils at last.

I wonder what your wisdome ment,
Thus to assault a silly maide:
Some simple wench might chance consent,
By false resembling shewes betraide:
I have by grace a native shield,
To lewd assaults that cannot yeeld.

I

his Avisa.

I am too base to be your wife,
You choose me for your secret frend;
That is to lead a filthy life,
Whereon attends a fearefull end;
Though I be poore, I tell you plaine,
To be your whore, I flat disdaine.

Your high estate, your silver shrines,
Repleate with wind and filthy stinke;
Your glittering gifts, your golden mynes,
May force some fooles perhaps to shrinke:
But I have learnd that sweetest bayt,
Oft shrowds the hooke of most desayt.

What great good hap, what happie time,
Your proffer brings, let yeelding maids
Of former age, which thought to clime
To highest tops of earthly aids,
Come backe a while, and let them tell,
Where wicked lives have ended well.

Shores wife, a Princes secret frend,
Faire *Rosomond*, a Kings delight:
Yet both have found a gastly end,
And fortunes friends, felt fortunes spight:
What greater joyes, could fancie frame,
Yet now we see, their lasting shame.

If princely pallace have no power,
To shade the shame of secret sinne,
If blacke reproch such names devoure,
What gaine, or glory can they winne,
That tracing tracts of shamelesse trade,
A hate of God, and man are made?

This

This only vertue must advaunce
My meane estate to joyfull blisse:
For she that swaies dame vertues launce,
Of happie state can never misse,
But they that hope to gaine by vice,
Shall surely prove too late unwise.

The roote of woe is fond desire,
That never feeles her selfe content:
But wanton wing'd will needes aspire,
To finde the thing, she may lament,
A courtly state, a Ladies place,
My former life will quite deface.

Such strange conceites may hap prevaile,
With such as love such strong desayts,
But I am taught such qualmes to quaile,
And flee such sweete alluring bayts,
The witlesse Flie playes with the flame,
Till see be scorched with the same.

You long to know what grace you find,
In me, perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I find in you, lesse then I should,
Move this no more, use no reply,
I'le keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

N O B.

ALAS, good soule, and will yee so?
You will be chast *Diana's* mate;
Till time have wove the web of woe,
Then to repent wil be too late,
You shew yourself so foole-precise,
That I can hardly thinke you wise.

You

You sprang belike from Noble stocke,
That stand so much upon your fame,
You hope to stay upon the rocke,
That will preserve a faultlesse name,
But while you hunt for needelesse praise,
You loose the prime of sweetest daies.

A merry time, when countrie maides
Shall stand (forsooth) upon their garde;
And dare controll the Courtiers deedes,
At honours gate that watch and warde;
When Milkemaids shal their pleasures flie,
And on their credits must relie.

Ah silly wench, take not a pride,
Though thou my raging fancie move,
Thy betters far, if they were try'd,
Would faine accept my proffered love;
'Twas for thy good, if thou hadst wist,
For I may have whome ere I list.

But here thy folly may appeare,
Art thou preciser then a Queene:
Queene *Joane* of Naples did not feare,
To quite mens love, with love againe:
And *Messalina*, t'is no newes,
Was dayly seene to haunt the stewes.

Cornelius Agrippa.

And *Cleopatra*, prince of Nile,
With more than one was wont to play:
And yet she keepes her glorious stile,
And fame that never shall decaie,
What need'st thou then to feare of shame,
When Queenes and Nobles use the same?

Needes

CANT. V.

AVISA.

NEEDS must the sheepe strake all awrie,
Whose sheepheards wander from their way :
Needes must the sickly patients die,
Whose Doctor seekes his lives decay :
Needs must the people well be taught,
Whose chiefest leaders all are naught.

Such lawlesse guides Gods people found,
When Moab maides allur'd their fall ;
They sought no salve to cure this wound,
Till God commaunds, to hange them all ;
For wicked life, a shamefull end
To wretched men, the Lord doth send.

Was earth consumde with wreakful waves ?
Did Sodom burne and after sinke ?
What sinne is that, which vengaunce craves,
If wicked lust no sinne we thinke ?
O blind conceites ! O filthy breath !
That drawes us headlong to our death.

If death be due to every sinne,
How can I then be too precise ?
Where pleasures end, if paine beginne,
What neede have we, then to be wise ?
They weave indeed the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly praise,
I long to keepe a blamelesse fame,
And constant hart gainst hard assaies :
If this be folly, want of skill,
I will remaine thus foolish still.

The

The blindfold rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that know not God,
Gods heavie judgements tried since,
And felt the waight of angry rod;
God save me from that Sodomes crie,
Whose deadly sting shall never die.

CANT. VI.

FORGIVE me wench, I did mistake, NOB.
I little thought that you could preach,
All worldly joyes, you must forsake:
For so your great Divines doe teach,
But yet beware, be not too bold,
A yongling Saint, a Devill old.

Well wanton well, thou are but yong,
This is the error of thy youth,
Thou wilt repent this faith ere long,
And see too late (perhaps) the truth;
And they that seem so pure at first,
Are often found in proofe the worst.

Thy youth and beautie will not last,
For sickness one, the other age
May captive take, when both are past,
You may have leasure to be sage,
The time will come, if these retire,
The worst will scorne that I desire.

Of chast renowme, you seeke the praise,
You build your hope above the ayre,
When wonders last not twentie daies,
What need you rusticke rumors feare?
Esteeme not words above thy wealth,
Which must procure thy credits health.

And

And yet in truth I can not see,
From whence such great discredit growes,
To live in spight of every eye,
And swim in silkes and bravest shewes,
To take the choise of daintiest meate,
And see thy betters stand and waite.

These grave respects breede pleasures bane,
Thy youthly yeares for joyes crave,
And fading credit hath his wane,
That none to thee doth shine so brave:
That smokie fame which likes thee best,
The wisest have esteemed least.

CANT. VII.

AVISA.

WELL now I see, why Christ commends,
To loving mates the Serpents wit,
That stops his eares, and so defends
His hart, from luring sounds unfit,
If you your madnes still bewraye,
I'le stop my eares, or goe my way.

Ulisses wise, yet dar'd not stay
The tising sound of Syrens song:
What fancy then doth me betray,
That thinke my selfe, so wise and strong;
That dare to heare, what you dare speake,
And hope for strength, when you be weake?

My wisdome is the living Lord,
That gives me grace which nature wants,
That holds my seate from waies abhord,
And in my hart good motions plants:
With him I dare to bide the field,
Strive while you list, I can not yeeld.

Fond

Fond favour failes, the time will passe,
All earthly pleasures have their end,
We see not that, which sometime was,
Nor that which future times will send:
You say the truth, remember this,
And then confesse, you stray amisse.

The shorter time, the greater care,
Are pleasures vaine? the lesse delight,
Are daungers nye? why then beware,
From base affections take your flight,
Thinke God a reckning will require,
And strive to quaile this bad desire.

To swim in silkes, and brave aray,
Is that you thinke which women love,
That leads poore maides so oft astray,
That are not garded from above?
But this I know, that know not all,
Such wicked pride, will have a fall.

CANT. VIII.

NOB.

ALAS the feare, alas the fall,
And what's the fall, that you so feare?
To tosse good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I prize so deare,
I doubt least these your needlesse feares,
Will bar good hap, from witlesse yeares.

Thy

Thy age experience wants I see,
And lacking tryall art afraid,
Least ventring farre to credit me,
Our secret dealings might be wrayd ;
What then doth not my mightie name,
Suffice to sheeld thy fact from shame ?

Who dares to stirre, who dares to speake,
Who dares our dealings to reprove ?
Though some suspect, yet none will creake,
Or once controll thy worthy love ;
My might will stand for thy defence,
And quite thee clear from great offence.

Who sees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our sport in secret use,
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,
But rather blushing make excuse :
If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
I'le keepe it secret till thy death.

To seeme as chast, let that suffice,
Although indeed thou be not so,
Thus deale our women that are wise,
And let thy godly Doctors go,
Still faine as though thou godly art,
It is inough, who knowes thy hart ?

Let not the idle vulgar voice,
Of fained credit witch thee so,
To force thee leave this happie choise,
And flying pleasure live in woe ;
If thou refuse, assure thy mind,
The like of this shalt never find.

Let

CANT. IX.

AVISA.

LET that word stand, let that be true,
I doe refuse and so doe still,
God shield me from your cursed crew,
That thus are led by beastly will,
It grieves my hart, that I doe find
In Noble bloud so base a mind,

On worldly feare, you thinke I stand,
Or fame that may my shame resound,
No Sir, I feare his mightie hand,
That will both you and me confound,
His feare it is that makes me stay
My wandring steps from wicked way.

Who dares, say you, our facts unfold?
Ev'n he that can mightie Kings tame,
And he that Princes hath controld,
He dares provide a mightie shame,
What fence have you for to withstand
His firie plagues, and hevie hand?

Though *Samson* queld the Lyons rage
Though *Solomon*, a mightie King,
Yet when to sinne their harts they gage,
On both doth God confusion bring,
How can you then his wrath avoid,
That you and yours be not destroid?

He

He sees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we sinne in secret place,
A guiltie conscience alwaies bleeds:
My faults will shew upon my face,
My cheekes will blush, when I doe sin;
Let all men know, when I begin.

To seeme as chast, and not to be,
To beare a shew, and yet to faine,
Is this the love, you beare to me,
To damne my soule in lasting paine?
If this the best you have to say,
Pray give me leave, to goe my way.

CANT. X.

NOB.

WELL then I see, you have decreed,
And this decree must light on mee:
Unhappie Lillie loves a weed,
That gives no sent, that yeelds no glee,
Thou art the first I ever tride,
Shall I at first be thus denide?

My haplesse hap, fell much awrie,
To fix my fancies prime delight,
In haggard Hauke that mounts so hie,
That checkes the lure, and Fawkners sight;
But sore you hie, or flie you low,
Stoupe needs you must, before you goe.

Your

Your modest speech is not amisse,
Your maidens blush becomes you well;
Now will I see how sweete you kisse,
And so my purpose farder tell;
Your coye lookes and trickes are vaine
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou must perforce be well content,
To let me win thee with thy will;
Thy chiefest friends have giv'n consent,
And therefore thinke, it is not ill,
Abandon all thy fond delay,
And marke this well, that I shall say.

My house, my hart, my land my life
My credit to thy care I give:
And if thou list to be a wife,
In shew of honest fame to live;
I'le fit thee one, shall beare the cloke,
And be a chimnie for the smoke.

But say the word it shall be don,
And what thou list, or what thou crave,
What so be lost, what ever won,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt have,
Thou shalt have all, what wilt thou more,
Which never woman had before.

Here's fortie Angels to begin;
A little pledge of great goodwill,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin;
I will be carefull of thee still:
If youth be quaild, if I be old,
I can supply that with my gold.

Silkes

Silke gownes and velvet shalt thou have,
With hoods and cauls, fit for thy head;
Of goldsmithes worke a border brave,
A chaine of golde ten double spread
And all the rest shall answere this,
My purse shall see that nothing misse.

Two wayting maides, attendant still,
Two serving men, foure geldings prest,
Go where you list, ride where you will,
No jealous thought shal me molest;
Two hundreth pounds I doe intend,
To give thee yearely for to spend.

Of this I will assurance make,
To some good friend, whom thou wilt chuse
That this in trust from me shall take,
While thou dost live, unto thy use;
A thousand markes, to thee give I
And all my Jewels when I die.

This will I doe, what ever chance,
I'le shortly send, and fetch thee hence;
Thy chiefest friends I will advance,
And leave them cause of no offence,
For all this fame, I onely crave
But thy good will, that let me have.

A modest maide is loth to say,
In open words, she doth consent,
Till gentle force doe breake the stay,
Come on, mine owne, and be content,
Possesse me of my loves desire,
And let me tast that I require.

Hand

CANT. XI.

HAND off my Lord, this will not serve,
Your wisdom wanders much awrie,
From reasons rule thus farre to swarve,
I'le never yeeld, I'le rather die,
Except you leave and so depart,
This knife shall sticke within your hart.

Is this the love, your franticke fit
Did so pretend in glosing shew?
Are these your waies, is this your wit,
To tice and force poore maidens so?
You strive in vaine, by raging lust
To gaine consent, or make me trust.

For who can trust your flattering stile,
Your painted words, your brave pretence,
When you will strive, by trayned will
To force consent to lewd offence,
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
I'le rather die within your armes.

Your golden Angels I repell,
Your lawlesse lust I here defie
These Angels are the posts of hell,
That often lead poore souls awrie,
Shame on them all, your eyes shall see,
These Angels have no power of me.

Your

Your gownes of silke, your golden chaines,
Your men, your maides, your hundreth pounds,
Are nothing else but divelish traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling sounds,
A bladder full of traiterous wind,
And fardest off from filthy mind.

Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,
And lust would give no longer leave,
To faithlesse hart, to lie and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceive,
By Jesus Christ I doe protest,
I'le never graunt that you request.

CANT. XII.

NOB. Furens.

THOU beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clownish spawne, thou country gill,
My love is turnd to wreakefull hate,
Go hang, and keepe thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,
I hope to see thee begge, erre long.

Was this great offer well refus'd,
Or was this proffer all too base ?
Am I fit man to be abus'd,
With such disgrace, by flattering gase ?
On thee or thine, as I am man,
I will revenge this if I can.

Thou

Thou think'st thy selfe a peerelesse peice,
And peevish pride that doth possesse
Thy hart; perswades that thou art wise,
When God doth know ther's nothing lesse,
T'was not thy beautie that did move
This fond affect, but blinded love.

I hope to see some countrie clowne,
Possessor of that fleering face,
When need shall force thy pride come downe,
I'le laugh to see thy foolish case,
For thou that think'st thy selfe so brave,
Wilt take at last some paltrie knave.

Thou selfewill gig that doth detest
My faithfull love, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend, I doe protest,
I'le bring thee out to open shame,
For sith thou fayn'st thy selfe so pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be sure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadst my hart, but now my hate,
Refusing wealth, God send thee woe,
Repentance now will come too late,
That tongue that did protest my faith,
Shall waile thy pride, and wish thy death.
Yea

CANT. XIII.

YEA so I thought, this is the end
Of wandring lust, resembling love,
Wa'st love or lust, that did intend
Such friendlesse force, as you did move?
Though you may vaunt of happier fate,
I am content with my estate.

I rather chuse a quiet mind,
A conscience cleare from bloudy sinnes,
Then short delights, and therein find
That gnawing worm that never linnes,
Your bitter speeches please me more,
Then all your wealth, and all your store.

I love to live devoid of crime,
Although I begge, although I pine,
These fading joyes for little time,
Imbrace who list, I here resine,
How poore I goe, how meane I fare,
If God be pleas'd, I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you sweare revengment deepe,
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,
That you might laugh, when I should weepe,
Your lust would like but for a space,
But who could salve my foule disgrace?
Mine

Mine eares have heard your taunting words,
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongst your mates at open bords,
Know'st such a wife? know'st such a maid?
Then must you laugh, then must you winke,
And leave the rest for them to thinke.

Nay yet welfare the happie life,
That need not blush at every view:
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'le laugh as well as you,
Then laugh as long, as you thinke best,
My fact shall frame you no such jest.

If I do hap to leape aside,
I must not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me sore afraide;
Nay watch your worst, I doe not care,
If I offend, pray doe not spare.

You were my friend, you were but dust,
The Lord is he, whome I doe love,
He hath my hart, in him I trust,
And he doth gard me from above,
I waie not death, I feare not hell,
This is enough, and so farewell.

THE

THE SECOND TEMPtation of AVISA after her marriage by *Ruffians, Roysters, young* Gentlemen, and lustie Captaines, which all shee quickly cuts off.

CANT. XIIII.

CAVEILEIRO.

COME lustie wench,
I like thy lookes,
And such a pleasant
looke I love,
Thine eyes are like
to bayted hookes,
That force the hungrie
fish to move,
Where nature granteth
such a face,
I need not doubt to purchase grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought,
Doth yeeld as fast as doth thine eye;
A love in me hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you can not well denye;
From love you can not me refraine,
I seeke but this, love me againe.

And

And so thou dost, I know it well,
I knew it by thy side-cast glance,
Can hart from outward looke rebell?
Which yeaster night I spide by chance;
Thy love (sweete hart) shall not be lost,
How deare a price so ever it cost.

Aske what thou wilt, thou know'st my mind,
Appoint the place, and I will come,
Appoint the time, and thou shalt find,
Thou canst not fare so well at home,
Few words suffice, where harts consent,
I hope thou know'st, and art content.

Though I a stranger seeme as yet,
And seldome seene, before this day,
Assure thy selfe that thou mayst get,
More knackes by me, then I will say,
Such store of wealth as I will bring,
Shall make thee leape, shal make thee sing.

I must be gone, use no delay,
At six or seven the chance may rise,
Old gamesters know their vantage play,
And when t'is best to cast the dice,
Leave ope your poynt, take up your man,
And mine shall quickly enter than.

CANT. XV.

AVISA.

What

Willobie

WHAT now? what newes? new warres in hand?
More trumpets blowne of fond conceites?
More banners spread of follies band?
New Captaines coyning new deceites?
Ah woe is me, new campes are pla'st,
Whereas I thought all daungers past.

O wretched soule, what face have I,
That can not looke, but some misdeame?
What sprite doth lurke within mine eye,
That kendles thoughts so much uncleane?
O lucklesse fewture never blest,
That sow'st the seedes of such unrest.

What wandring fits are these that move
Your hart, inragde with every glance;
That judge a woman straight in love,
That welds her eye aside by chance,
If this your hope, by fancie wrought,
You hope on that I never thought.

If nature give me such a looke,
Which seemes at first unchast or ill,
Yet shall it prove no bayted hooke,
To draw your lust to wanton will,
My face and will doe not agree,
Which you in time (perhaps) may see.

If smiling cheare and friendly words,
If pleasant talke such thoughts procure,
Yet know my hart, no will afords,
To scratching kites, to cast the lure,
If milde behavior thus offend,
I will assaie this fault to mend.

You

You plant your hope upon the sand,
That build on womens words, or smiles;
For when you thinke your selfe to stand
In greatest grace, they prove but wyles,
When fixt you thinke on surest ground,
Then fardest off they will be found.

CANT. XVI.

AVISA.

YOU speake of love, you talke of cost,
Is't filthy love your worship meanes?
Assure your selfe your labor's lost;
Bestow your cost among your queanes,
You left not here, nor here shall find,
Such mates as match your beastly mind.

You must again to Coleman hedge,
For there be some that looke for gaine,
They will bestow the French mans badge,
In lew of all your cost and paine,
But Sir, it is against my use,
For gaine to make my house a stewes.

What have you seene, what have I doon
That you should judge my mind so light,
That I so quickly might be woon,
Of one that came but yeaster night?
Of one I wist not whence he came,
Nor what he is, nor what's his name?

Though

Though face doe friendly smile on all
Yet judge me not to be so kind,
To come at every Faulkners call,
Or wave aloft with every wind,
And you that venter thus to try,
Shall find how far you shoote awry.

And if your face might be your judge,
Your wannie cheekes, your shaggie lockes,
Would rather move my mind to grudge,
To feare the piles, or else the pockes:
Yf you be mov'd, to make amends,
Pray keepe your knackes for other frends.

You may be walking when you list,
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way,
I hope you have your market mist,
Your game is lost, for lacke of play,
The point is close, no chance can fall,
That enters there, or ever shall.

CANT. XVII.

CAVELEIRO.

A right Caveleiro.

GODS wo: I thinke you doe but jest,
You can not thus delude my hope:
But yet perhaps you thinke it best,
At first to give but little scope:
At first assault you must retire,
And then be forst to yeeld desire.

You

You thinke, that I would judge you bad,
If you should yeeld at first assaie,
And you may thinke me worse then mad,
If on[e] repulse send me awaie,
You thinke you doe your credit wrong,
Except you keepe your sutors long.

But I that know the wonted guise,
Of such as live in such a place,
Old dame experience makes me wise,
To know your meaning by your face,
For most of them, that seeme so chast,
Denie at first, and take at last.

This painted sheth, may please some foole,
That can not see the rustie knife:
But I have bin too long at schooles,
To think you of so pure a life,
The time and place will not permit,
That you can long, here spot-lesse sit.

And therefore wench, be not so strange,
To grant me that, which others have,
I know that women love to change,
T'is but deceite, to seeme so grave,
I never have that women tri'd,
Of whome as yet I was deni'd.

Your godly zeale doth breed my trust,
Your anger makes me hope the more;
For they are often found the worst,
That of their conscience make such store,
In vaine to blush, or looke aside,
A flat repulse, I can not bide.

Thou

CANT. XVIII.

AVISA.

THOU wicked wretch, what dost not thinke
There is a God that doth behold
This sinnefull waies, this Sodom's sinke?
O wretched earth that art so bold,
To jest at God, and at his word,
Looke for his just revenging sword.

1. Cor. 5.

Saint Paul commands us not to eate,
With him that leads a wicked life;
Or shall be found to lie in waite,
To seek to spoyle his neighbours wife,
Such wicked soules God doth forsake,
And dings them downe to fierie lake.

Revela. 12.

A young man was striken blind for looking dishonestly upon a godly woman.

A brain-sicke youth was striken blind,
That sent his greedie eye to view,
A godly wench, with godlesse mind,
That paine might spring, whence pleasures grew,
Remember friend, forget not this,
And see you looke no more amisse.

The Locrenses used to put out both the eyes of the adulterers.

The law Julia in Rome put adulterers to the sword.

The Arabians doe the like.

O *Julia* flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy word,
That did condemne the wedlocke crime,
To present death, with bloudy sword?
The shining of this percing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

Though

Though shamelesse Callets may be found;
That Soyle them selves in common field;
And can carire the whoores rebound,
To straine at first, and after yeeld:
Yet here are none of *Creseds* kind,
In whome you shall such fleeting find.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not sway,
But they that vertue doe condemne,
By time and place, are led astray,
This place doth hold on at this time,
That will not yeeld to bloudy crime.

You thinke that others have possest
The place that you so lewdly crave,
Wherein you plainely have confest,
Your selfe to be a jealous knave,
The rose unblusht hath yet no staine,
Nor ever shall, while I remaine.

CANT. XIX.

CAVELEIRO.

ME thinkes I heare a sober Fox,
Stand preaching to the gagling Geese;
And shewes them out a painted box,
And bids them all beware of cheese,
Your painted box, and goodly preach,
I see doth hold a foxly reach.

Perchance

Perchance you be no common card,
But love the daintie diamonds place,
The ten, the knave, may be your gard,
Yet onely you, are still the ace,
Contented close in packe to lie,
But open dealing you defie.

Well I confesse, I did offend,
To rush so headlong to the marke;
Yet give me leave this fault to mend,
And crave your pardon in the darke,
Your credits fame I will not spill,
But come as secret as you will.

Nay her's my hand, my faith I give,
My tongue my fact shall not reveale,
To earthly creature while I live;
Because you love a secret deale,
And where I come, I still will say,
She would not yeeld, but said me nay.

So shall your credit greater grow,
By my report and passing praise
And they that scant your name doe know,
Your fame on hie, and hie shall raise,
So shall you gaine that you desire,
By granting that, which I require.

To plant a siege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall manly hart,
That can not brooke such high despite,
Then say you yea, or say you no,
I'le scale your wals, before I go.

A

CANT. XX.

AVISA.

A FINE device, and well contriv'd,
Brave Golde upon a bitter pill;
No marvaile well though you have thriv'd,
That so can decke, that so can dill;
Your quaintish quirkes can want no mate;
But here I wis, you come too late.

It's ill to hault before the lame,
Or watch the bird that can not sleepe,
Your new found trickes are out of frame,
The fox will laugh, when Asses weepe;
Sweare what you list, say what you will,
Before you spake, I knew your skill.

Your secret dealing will not hold,
To force me trie, or make me trust
Your blind devises are too old,
Your broken blade hath got the rust,
You need not lie, but truely say,
She would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue shall spare to spread my fame,
I list not buy too deare a sound,
Your greatest praise would breed but shame,
Report of me as you have found,
Though you be loth to blow retreat,
This mount's too strong for you to get.

The wisest Captaine now and then,
When that he feeles his foe too strong;
Retires betime to save his men,
That grow but weake, if seege be long;
From this assault you may retire,
You shall not reach, that you require.

I hate to feede you with delaies,
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,
You spend in vaine your strong assaies,
To win the town, or gaine the feeld;
No Captaine did, nor ever shall,
Set ladder here, to skale the wall.

CANT. XXI.

CAVELEIRO.

HAD I knowne this when I began,
You would have usde me as you say,
I would have take you napping than,
And give you leave to say me nay,
I little thought to find you so:
I never dreamt, you would say no.

Such selfe like wench I never met,
Great cause have I thus hard to crave it,
If ever man have had it yet,

I

I sworen have, that I will have it.
If thou didst never give consent,
I must perforce, be then content.

If thou wilt sweare, that thou hast knowne,
In carnall act, no other man:
But onely one, and he thine owne,
Since man and wife you first began,
I'le leave my sute, and sweare it trew,
Thy like in deed, I never knew.

CANT. XXII.

AVISA.

I TOLD you first what you should find,
Although you thought I did but jest.
And selfe affection made you blind,
To seeke the thing, I most detest;
Besides his host, who takes the paine,
To recken first, must count againe.

Your rash swore oth you must repent,
You must beware of headlong vowes;
Excepting him, whome free consent,
By wedlocke words, hath made my spouse,
From others yet I am as free,
As they this night, that boren bee.

Well

CAVELEIRO.

WELL give me then a cup of wine,
As thou art his, would thou wert mine.

AVISA.

HAVE t'ye good-lucke, tell them that gave
You this advice, what speede you have.

Farewell.

The

The third trial; wherein are expressed the *long passionate, and constant affections of the close and* wary sutor, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, by pri- *vie messengers, by Jewels, Rings, Golde, divers gifts, and by* a long continued course of courtesie, at length pre- vaileth with many both maides and wives if they be not garded wounderfully with a better spirite then their owne, which all are here finely daunted, and mildly o- ver throwne, by the constant aunsweres, and chast replies of Avisa.

CANT. XXIII.

D. B. A French man.

AS flaming flakes
too closely pent,
With smothering smoke,
in narrow vault,
Each hole doth trie,
to get a vent,
And force by forces,
fierce assault,
With ratling rage,
doth rumbling rave,
Till flame and smoke free passage have.

So

So I (my deare) have smothered long,
Within my hart a sparkling flame,
Whose rebell rage is grown so strong,
That hope is past to quell the same,
Except the stone, that strake the fire,
With water quench this hote desire.

The glauncing speare, that made the wound,
Which ranckling thus, hath bred my paine,
Must pearcing slide with fresh rebound,
And wound, with wound, recure againe,
That flooting eye that pearst my hart,
Must yeeld to salve my curelesse smart.

I striv'd, but striv'd against the streame,
To daunt the qualmes of fond desire,
The more their course I did restraine,
More strong and strong they did retire,
Bare need doth force me now to runne,
To seeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy present state wants present aid,
A quick redresse my griefe requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaid,
That yeelds us both our harts desires,
If you will ease my pensive hart,
I'le find a salve to heale your smart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That lift to bowle in every plaine,
But (wench) consider both our state,
The time is now, for both to gaine,
From daungerous bands I set you free,
If you wil yeeld to comfort mee.

Your

CANT. XXIIII.

AVISA.

YOUR fierie flame, your secret smart,
That inward frets with pining griefe,
Your hollow sighes, your hevie hart,
Methinks might quickly find reliefe,
If once the certaine cause were knowne,
From whence these hard effects have growne.

It little boots to shew your sore,
To her that wants all Phisicke skill,
But tell it them, that have in store,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill,
I would be glad, to doe my best,
If I had skill, to give you rest.

Take heede, let not your griefe remaine,
Till helpes doe faile, and hope be past,
For such as first refus'd some paine,
A double paine have felt at last,
A little sparke, not quencht be time,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sin,
Be chiefest cause, why you lament,
If giltie conscience doe begin,
To draw you truely to repent,
A joyfull end must needs redound,
To happie griefe so seldome found.

To

To strive all wicked lusts to quell,
Which often sort to dolefull end,
I joye to heare you meane so well,
And what you want, the Lord will send:
But if you yeeld to wanton will,
God will depart, and leave you still.

Your pleasant aide with sweete supply,
My present state, that might amend,
If honest love be ment thereby,
I shall be glad of such a frend,
But if you love, as I suspect,
Your love and you, I both reject.

CANT. XXV.

D.B. A French man.

WHAT you suspect, I can not tell,
What I doe meane, you may perceive,
My workes shall shew, I wish you well,
If well ment love you list receive,
I have beene long in secret mind,
And would be still your secret frind.

My love should breed you no disgrace,
None should perceive our secret plaie,
We would observe both time and place,
That none our dealings should bewraie,
Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venter this assault.

You

You mistresse of my doubtfull chance,
You Prince of this my soules desire,
That lulls my fancie in a trance,
The marke whereto my hopes aspire,
You see the sore, whence springs my griefe,
You weld the sterne of my reliefe.

The gravest men of former time,
That liv'd with fame, and happie life,
Have thought it none, or pettie crime,
To love a friend besides their wife,
Then sith my wife you can not be,
As dearest friend accompt of me,

You talke of sinne, and who doth live,
Whose dayly steps slide not awrie?
But too precise, doth deadly grieve,
The hart that yeelds not yet to die,
When age drawes on, and youth is past,
Then let us thinke of this at last.

The Lord did love King *David* well,
Although he had more wives then one;
King *Solomon* that did excell,
For wealth and wit, yet he alone,
A thousand wives and friends possest,
Yet did he thrive, yet was he blest.

CANT. XXVI.

O MIGHTIE Lord, that guides the Spheare ;
Defend me by thy mightie will,
From just reproch, from shame and feare,
Of such as seeke my soule to spill,
Let not their counsell (Lord) prevaile,
To force my hart to yeeld or quaile.

How frames it with your sober lookes,
To shroud such bent of lewd conceites,
What hope hath pla'st me in your bookes,
That files me fit, for such deceites ?
I hope that time hath made you see,
No cause that breeds these thoughts in mee.

Your fervent love is filthy lust,
And therefore leave to talk of love,
Your truth is treason under trust,
A Kite in shape of hurtlesse Dove,
You offer more then friendship wold,
To give us brasse in steed of gold.

Such secret friends to open foes,
Do often change with every wind,
Such wandring fits, where follie groes,
Are certaine signes of wavering mind,
A fawning face, and faithlesse hart,
In secret love, breeds open smart.

No sinne to breake the wedlocke faith ?
No sinne to swim in Sodomes sinke ?
O sinne the seed and sting of death !
O sinnefull wretch that so doth thinke !
Your gravest men with all their schooles,
That taught you thus, were heathen fooles.

Your

Your lewd examples will not serve,
To frame a vertue from a vice,
When *David* and his Sonne did swerve,
From lawfull rule, though both were wise,
Yet both were plagu'd, as you may see,
With mightie plagues of each degree.

CANT. XXVII.

D.B. A French man.

FROM whence proceeds this sodaine change?
From whence this quainte and coye speech?
Where did you learne to looke so strange?
What Doctor taught you thus to preach?
Into my harte it cannot sinke,
That you doe speake, as you doe thinke.

Your smiling face, and glauncing eye,
(That promise grace, and not despite)
With these your words doe not agree,
That seeme to shun your chiefe delight,
But give me leave, I thinke it still,
Your words doe wander from your will.

Of women now the greatest part,
Whose place and age doe so require,
Do chuse a friend, whose faithfull hart,
May quench the flame of secret fire,
Now if your liking be not pla'st,
I know you will chuse one at last.

Then

Then chusing one, let me be he,
If so our hidden fancies frame,
Because you are the onely she,
That first inrag'd my fancies flame,
If first you graunt me this good will,
My hart is yours, and shall be still.

I have a Farme that fell of late,
Woorth fortie pounds, at yearely rent,
That will I give to mend your state,
And prove my love is truely ment.
Let not my sute be flat denide,
And what you want, shall be supplide.

Our long acquaintance makes me bold ;
To shew my greife, to ease my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old,
The like perhaps you shall not find,
Be not too rash, take good advice ;
Your hap is good, if you be wise.

CANT. XXVIII.

AVISA.

MY hap is hard, and over bad,
To be misdeemd of every man ;
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That see me pleasant now and than :
Yet would I not be much a griev'd,
If you alone were thus deceiv'd.

But

But you alone are not deceiv'd,
With tising baytes of pleasant view,
But many others have believ'd,
And tride the same, as well as you,
But they repent their folly past,
And so will you, I hope at last.

You seeme, as though you lately came
From London, from some bawdie sell,
Where you have met some wanton dame,
That knowes the trickes of whoores so well,
Know you some wives, use more then one?
Go backe to them, for here are none.

For here are none, that list to chuse,
A novell chance, where old remaine,
My choice is past, and I refuse,
While this doth last, to chuse againe,
While one doth live, I will no more,
Although I begge from dore to dore.

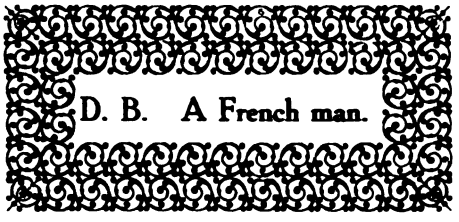
Bestow your farmes among your frinds,
Your fortie pounds can not provoke,
The setled hart, whom vertue binds,
To trust the traines of hidden hooke,
The labor's lost that you indure.
To gorged Hauke, to cast the lure.

If lust had led me to the spoyle,
And wicked will, to wanton change,
Your betters that have had the foyle,
Had caus'd me long ere this to range,
But they have left, for they did see,
How far they were mistake of mee.

Mistake

j

CANT. XXIX.



MISTAKE indeed, if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to favours foe ;
If wisdome spring, where fancie grew ;
But sure I thinke it is not so :
Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,
That likes for love, and not for lust.

Although you sweare, you will not yeeld,
Although my death you should intend,
Yet will I not forsake the field,
But still remaine your constant frend,
Say what you list, flie where you will,
I am your thrall, to save or spill.

You may command me out of sight,
As one that shall no favour find,
But though my body take his flight,
Yet shall my hart remaine behind,
That shall your guilty conscience tell,
You have not us'd his master well.

His masters love he shall repeate,
And watch his turne to purchase grace,
His secret eye shall lie in waite ;
Where any other gaine the place :
When we ech others can not see,
My hart shall make you thinke of me.

To

To force a fancie, where is none,
T'is but in vaine, it will not hold,
But where it growes it selfe alone,
A little favour makes it bold,
Till fancie frame your free consent,
I must perforce, be needs content.

Though I depart with heavie cheare,
As having lost, or left my hart,
With one whose love, I held too deare,
That now can smile, when others smart,
Yet let your prisoner mercy see,
Least you in time a prisoner bee.

CANT. XXX.

AVISA.

IT makes me smile to see the bent,
Of wandring minds with folly fed,
How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
To bring a loving foole to bed;
They will be dead, except they have,
Whatso (forsooth) their fancie crave.

If you did seeke, as you pretend,
Not friendlesse lust, but friendly love,
Your tongue and speeches would not lend,
Such lawlesse actions, so to move,
But you can wake, although you winke,
And sweare the thing, you never thinke.

To

Catullus.Tum iam nulla viro iuranti fœmina credat. Nulla viri speret, sermones esse fideles. Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci, Nil metuunt iurare, nihil, promittere parcunt. Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant.

To wavering men that speake so faire,
Let women never credit give,
Although they weepe, although they sware,
Such fained shewes, let none believe ;
For they that thinke their words be true,
Shall soone their hastie credit rue.

When ventring lust doth make them dare,
The simple wenches to betray,
For present time they take no care,
What they doe sweare, nor what they say,
But having once obtaind the lot,
Their words and othes are all forgot.

Let roving Prince from Troyes sacke,
Whose fauning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, that wisdome lacke,
Mistrust the most, beware of all,
When selfewill rules, where reason sate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

Combat betweene reason and appetite. No constant love where unconstant affections rule. That love only constant that is grounded on vertue.

The wandring passions of the mind ;
Where constant vertue bares no sway,
Such franticke fickle chaunges find,
That reason knows not where to stay,
How boast you then of constant love,
Where lust all vertue doth remove ?

D.B.

T. B. Being somewhat grieved *with this aunswere, after long* absence and silence, at length writeth, as followeth.

CANT. XXXI.

D. B. To AVISA more pittie.

THERE is a cole that burnes the more,
The more ye cast colde water neare,
Like humor feedes my secret sore,
Not quencht, but fed by cold dispaire,
The more I feele, that you disdaine,
The faster doth my love remaine.

Canol cole found in many places of England. *Nympauslocus LeonicusdeVaria Histor. fol. 28.*

In Greece they find a burning soile,
That fumes in nature like the same,
Colde water makes the hotter broyle,
The greater frost, the greater flame,
So frames it with my love or lost,
That fiercely fries amidst the frost.

By the Ionian sea there is a place that burnes continually, and the more water is cast into it, the more it flames.

My hart inflam'd with quenchlesse heate,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
These hellish torments are the meate,
That dayly feede this vaine desire:
Thus shall I grone in gastly griefe,
Till you by mercy send reliefe.

You

k

You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,
Your faining favour witcht mine eye,
O lucklesse eye, that thus hast brought,
Thy masters hart to strey awrye.
Now blame your selfe, if I offend,
The hurt you made, you must amend.

With these my lines I sent a Ring,
Least you might thinke you were forgot,
The posie meanes a pretie thing,
That bids you, Do but dally not,
Do so sweete hart, and doe not stay,
For daungers grow from fond delay.

Five winters Frosts have say'd to quell
These flaming fits of firme desire,
Five Sommers sunnes cannot expell
The cold dispaire, that feeds the fire,
This time I hope, my truth doth trie
Now yeeld in time, or else I die.

Dudum beatus,

D.B.

CANT. XXXII.

AVISA. To. D B. more wisdome and feare of God.

The

THE Indian men have found a plant,
Whose vertue, mad conceits doth quell,
This roote (me thinks) you greatly want,
This raging madnes to repell.
If rebell fancie worke this spite,
Request of God a better sprite.

The roote Baras is good to deliver them that are possessed with evill sprites. Josephus.

If you by folly did offend,
By giving raines unto your lust,
Let wisdome now these fancies end,
Sith thus untwin'd is all your trust,
If wit to will, will needs resigne,
Why should your fault be counted mine ?

Your Ring and letter that you sent,
I both returne from whence they came,
As one that knowes not what is ment,
To send or write to me the same,
You had your aunswere long before,
So that you need to send no more.

Your chosen posie seemes to show,
That all my deeds but dallings bee,
I never dallyed that I know,
And that I thinke, you partly see,
I shewde you first my meaning plaine.
The same is yet, and shall remaine.

Some say that Tyme *doth purge the blood,*
And franticke humors brings to frame,
I marvaile time hath done no good,
Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?
What secret hope doth yet remaine,
That makes these sutes revive againe ?

Time purgeth cholericke humors and the bloud.

But

But die you will, and that in hast,
Except you find some quicke reliefe,
I'le warrant you, your life at last,
While foolish love is all your griefe,
As first I said, so say I still,
I cannot yeeld, nor ever will.

Alwaies the same,
Avisa.

CANT. XXXIII.

The 2. letter of D.B. to hard harted AVISA farewell.

Difficile est diligere, & Sapere. Vulteius.

I *FIND it true, that some have said,*
It's hard to love, and to be wise,
For wit is oft by love betraid,
And brought a sleepe, by fond devise,
Sith faith no favour can procure,
My patience must my paine indure.

Non si fœminium crebo caput igne refundas, Ingenii mutes prima metalla sui.

When womens wits have drawne the plot,
And of their fancie laid the frame,
Then that they holde, where good or not,
No force can move them from the same:
So you, because you first denide,
Do thinke it shame, from that to slide.

As

As faithfull friendship mov'd my tongue,
Your secret love, and favour crave;
And as I never did you wrong,
This last request so let me have;
Let no man know what I did move,
Let no man know, that I did love.

That I will say, this is the worst,
When this is said, then all is past,
Thou proud *Avisa*, were the first,
Thou hard *Avisa*, art the last,
Though thou in sorrow make me dwell
Yet love will make me wish thee well.

Write not againe, except you write
This onely gentle word, I will,
This onely word will bring delite,
The rest will breede but sorrow still,
God graunt you gaine that you desire,
By keeping that, which I require.

Yet will I listen now and then,
To see the end, my mind will crave,
Where you will yeeld to other men,
The thing that I could never have.
But what to me? where false or true,
Where live or die, for aye Adue.

Fortuna ferenda.
D. B.

I

DYDIMUS HARCO. *ANGLO-GER-* MANUS.

CANT. XXXIIII.

D. H.

I HAVE to say, yet cannot speake,
The thing that I would gladly say,
My hart is strong, though tong be weake,
Yet will I speake it, as I may.
And if I speake not as I ought,
Blame but the error of my thought,

And if I thinke not as I should,
Blame love that bad me so to thinke;
And if I say not what I would,
T'is modest shame, that makes me shrinke,
For sure their love is very small,
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgive my blush, if I do blush,
You are the first I ever tride,
And last whose conscience I will crush,
If now at first I be denide,
I must be plaine, then give me leave,
I cannot flatter nor deceive.

You

You know that Marchaunts ride for gaine,
As chiefe foundations of their state,
You see that we refuse no paine,
To rise betime, and travell late,
But farre from home, this is the spite,
We want sometimes our chiefe delite.

I am no Saint, I must confesse,
But naturde like to other men,
My meaning you may quickly guesse,
I love a woman now and then,
And yet it is my common use,
To take advise, before I chuse.

I oft have seene the Western part,
And therein many a pretie elfe,
But found not any in my hart,
I like so well as of your selfe ;
And if you like no worse of mee,
We may perhaps in time agree.

CANT. XXXV.

AVISA.

WHEN first you did request to talke
With me alone a little space,
When first I did consent to walke
With you alone within this place,
From this your sage, and sober cheare,
I thought some grave advise to heare.

Some

Some say that womens faces faine
A modest shew, from wanton hart ;
But give me leave, I see it plaine,
That men can play a duble part,
I could not dreame, that I should find
In lustlesse shew, such lustfull mind.

You make as though you would not speake,
As unacquainted yet with love,
As though your mind you could not breake,
Nor how these secret matters move,
You blush to speake, Alas the blush,
Yet this is all not worth a rush.

Such slie conceites are out of joynt,
So foule within, so faire without,
Not worth in proofe a threden poynt:
But now to put you out of doubt,
Your thought is far deceiv'd of mee,
As you in time shall plainely see.

If you had known my former life,
With spotlesse fame that I have held,
How first a maide and then a wife,
These youthly sutes I have repeld,
You would (I hope) correct your rate,
That judge me thus a common mate.

Whome you have seene, I doe not care,
Nor reck not what you did request,
I am content this flout to beare,
In that you say, you like me best,
And if you wish that you agree,
Correct your wrong conceite of mee.

The

CANT. XXXVI.

D. H.

THE lymed bird, by foulers traine,
Intrapt by view of pleasant baite,
Would faine unwind himselfe againe;
But feeles too late the hid desaite:
So I have found the clasping lyme,
That will sticke fast for longer time.

There is a floud, whose rivers runne,
Like streames of Milke, and seemes at first,
Extreamely colde, all heate to shunne,
But stay awhile, and quench your thirst,
Such vehement heate there will arise,
As greater heate none may devise.

In Italy is a certaine water that falleth into the River Anion, of colour white, and at first seemes to bee wonderfull colde, but being a while in it, it heateth the body more extreamely. *Leonicus de varia Histor.*

These strange effects I find inrold,
Within this place, since my returne,
My first affections were but cold,
But now I feele them fiercely burne,
The more you make such strange retire,
The more you draw my new desire.

You thinke perchance I doe but jest,
Or I your secrets will bewray,
Or having got that I request,
With false *Aeneas* steale away,
If you suspect that I will range,
Let God forsake me, when I change.

I

I will not bost me of my wealth,
You shall no Gold nor Jewels want,
You see I am in perfect health,
And if you list to give your grant,
A hundreth pounds shall be your hire,
But onely doe that I require.

And here's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twentie Angels to be sold,
Besides the rest, this shall you win,
And other things not to be told,
And I will come but now and then,
To void suspect, none shall know when.

CANT. XXXVII.

WHY then your conscience doth declare
A guilty mind that shunnes the light,
A spotlesse conscience need not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the sight,
Your secret slides doe passe my skill,
And plainely shewe your workes are ill.

In Plato his common wealth all women were common, contrary to the commandement of God. Exod. 20, 14 Levit. 18, 20, 29.

Your words commend the lawlesse rite,
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedom gave,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely have,
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

The

The Bee beares honie in her mouth,
Yet poysoned sting in hinder part,
The spring is sweete where pleasure growth,
The fall of leafe brings storming smart,
Vaine pleasure seemes most sweete at first,
And yet their end is still accurst.

Strange pleasure seemes sweete at the beginning, but their end is as bitter wormewood. Prover. 5. 3. 4. Prover. 6. 27.

What bosome beares hote burning coles,
And yet consumes not with the same?
What feete tread fire with bared soles,
And are not synged with the flame?
They stay my friend, made no such hast,
To buy *Repentaunce* at the last.

Non tanti emam paenitere.

I am not of the Cyprian sort,
Nor yet have learnd the common use
Of Bable dames, in filthy sport,
For gaine no commers to refuse,
What stormes or troubles ever grow,
I list not seeke my living so.

Filthy heathen lawes. In Cyprus, their maydens before the time of their mariage were set open to every man to gaine their dowrie. Justine.

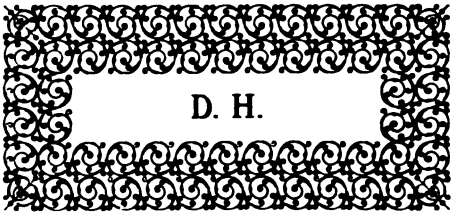
Your gorgious gifts, your golden hookes,
Doe move but fooles to looke aside,
The wise will shunne such craftie crookes,
That have such false resemblance tride:
But men are sure, that they will lift,
That are content to take a gift.

The Babilonians had a custome, that if any were poore, they should procure their daughters and wives to get money with their bodies. Herodot. *Formosæ, pretio capiun.*

tur avaræ. Imitantur hamos Dona. Fœmina prostituit seseque Munera donat. Femina se vendit quæ data dona capit. Vulteius.

Nay

CANT. XXXVIII.



NAY then farewell, if this be so,
If you be of the purer stampe,
Gainst wind and tide I can not roe,
I have no oyle to feede that lampe,
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse, you know not what.

But rather take a farther day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath:
He may too rashly be denide,
Whose faithfull hart was never tride.

And though I be by Jury cast,
Yet let me live a while in hope,
And though I be condemnde at last,
Yet let my fancie have some scope,
And though the body flie away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.

Will you receive, if I doe send
A token of my secret love?
And stay untill you see the end
Of these effects, that fancie move?
Grant this, and this shall salve my sore,
Although you never grant me more.

And

And thus at first let this suffise,
Inquire of me, and take the vewe
Of myne estate, with good advise,
And I will do the like by you;
And as you like, so frame your love,
But passe no promise till you prove.

This have I said to shew my bent,
But no way spoken to offend,
And though my love cannot relent,
Yet passed errors will I mend,
Keepe close the Tenor of our talke,
And say, we did for pleasure walke.

CANT. XXXIX.

AVISA.

THEN jugling mates do most deceave,
And most delude the dazeled sight,
When up they turne their folded sleeve,
With bared armes to woorke their slight,
When sharpe-set Foxe begins to preach,
Let goslings keepe without his reach.

And will you have me set a day,
To feede your hope with vaine delayes?
Well, I will doo as you do say,
And posse you up with fainting stayes,
That day shall breake my plighted faith,
That drawes my last and gasping breath.

If

If you will hope, then hope in this,
Ile never grant that you require :
If this you hope, you shall not misse,
But shall obtaine your hopes desire,
If other hope you do retaine,
Your labor's lost, your hope is vaine.

The child that playes with sharpned tooles,
Doth hurt himselfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wrastle neere a dangerous pit :
Your loose desire doth hope for that,
Which I must needes deny you flat.

Send mee no tokens of your lust,
Such gifts I list not to receive,
Such guiles shall never make me trust,
Such broad-layde baytes cannot deceive,
For they to yeeld do then prepare,
That grant to take such proffred ware.

The woman that receiveth giftes of such sutors, selleth her selfe & her liberty.

If this be it you have to say,
You know my mynd which cannot change,
I must be gon, I cannot stay,
No fond delight can make me range,
And for a farewell, this I sweare,
You get not that I hold so deare.

After

After long absence, DH. happening *to come in on a tyme sodenly to her house, and* finding her all alone amongst her maides that were *spinning, sayd nothing, but going home* wrate these verses following, which he called his Dum habui. and sent them unto her.

CANT. XL.

D. H. to AVISA. too constant.

WHYL'ST erst I had my libertie,
To range the woodes where fancy list,
The cause of all my miserie,
By heedlesse hast my way I mist,
Untill I found within a plaine,
A Christall Well, where Nimphes remaine.

As weary of this wild-goose race,
That led askance, I know not where,
I chose at length a shadow place,
To take the cold and pleasant ayre,
But from the brinke of that same well,
I saw my heaven, or els my hell.

I saw a byrde from joyning grove,
That soaring came with comely grace,
The Lillie and Vermillion strove,
In mayden-like and lovely face,
With seemely armes in steed of winges,
No clawes, but fingers set with ringes.

And

And in her hand she held a dart,
As being of Diana's trayne,
O that's the cause of all my smart,
And breeder of this endlesse paine,
The thing I sought not, there I find,
And lost the freedome of my mind.

While on her eies, my eies did hang,
From rolling eie there sprang a glance
And therewith heard a sodayne clang,
That strake me in a deadly trance,
But wak't I sawe blind Cupids craft,
And in my hart the golden shaft.

I sewd for grace, but she deny'd,
Her laughty lookes she cast awry,
And when my folly she espy'd,
She laught to see my misery:
Away she soares, and from my sight,
She smiling takes her parting flight.

You are the byrde that bred the bane,
That swelleth thus in restlesse thought,
You are the snare that thus have tane,
And sences all to thraldome brought,
You are the Jaylor that do keepe
Your frend in bandes, and dungeon deepe

Renowmed chaste Penelope,
With all her wordes could not redryve
Her sutors, till she set a day,
In which she would them answere give,
When threedy spindle full was grow'n,
Then would she chuse one for her ow'n.

They.

They dayly came to see the end,
And every man doth hope to bee
The chosen man, to be her frend,
But womens wyles here men may see,
Her Spill was never fully spone,
For night undid that day had done.

I hope the like you have decreed,
That found you spinning but of late,
Would God your Spill were full of threed,
That might releeve my wretched state,
I will forget the wronges are past,
So you will chuse me at the last.

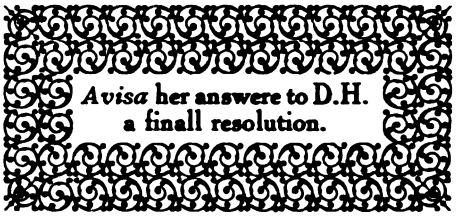
Chuse one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares space,
How ever that your spindle fill,
With joy possesse that emptie place,
And if you will, I do protest,
My love shall far surmount the rest.

These lines that hope for better speed,
As loving spyes are sent to see,
Where you have sponne up all your threed,
And what good hap is left for mee:
Let there returne, yet make him glad,
Whome loves dispayre hath made so sad.

D.H.

CANT.

CANT. XLI.



IF I be of Diana's *trayne,*
As trewe it is I must confesse,
I mervaile that you strive in vayne,
Where frutelesse hope yeelds no redresse:
For they must needes continue sad
That seeke for that, will not be had.

What servile follie doth possesse
Your base conceite, that can abyde
Such piteous plaintes, and sutes addresse,
To them that do your sutes deryde?
For I can hardly thinke them wyse,
That try againe, repulsed thryse.

No Hellens rape, nor Trojan warre,
My loving mate hath fors't away
No Junoes wrath, to wander farre,
From loving bed can make him stray,
Nor stay at all in forraine land,
But here I have him still at hand.

My

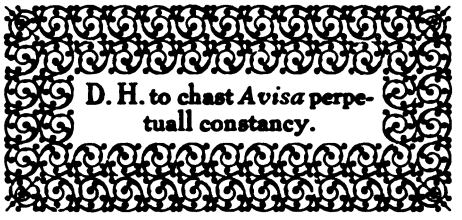
My sweet Ulisses *never stayes*
From his desyred home so long,
That I should need such rare delayes
To Shield me from intended wrong,
My chiefe delightes are alwayes nye,
And in my bosome sweetely lye.

The Spindle that you see me drive,
Hath fyld the spill so often trend,
My hartis fixt, since I did give
My wedlocke faith to chosen frend,
Then leave to sewe, since that you see
Your hap debarres your hope from mee.

I use not oft to make reply
To lines that yeelde such wanton store,
Let this suffice, that I deny,
And after this, looke for no more,
My choise is bound, by lawfull band,
My oath is past, and that shall stand.

Alway the same
Avisa

CANT. XLII.



THIS is inough: now I have done
I thinke indeed you do not faine,
As others have, that have beene wonne
In shorter space, with lesser paine,
And sith you will not yeeld in deed
To these my wordes, yet take good heed.

My former love was onely lust,
As you in deed did truly say,
And they, such love that rashly trust,
Do plant the plot of swift decay:
But they whom Grace doth make so wise,
To high renowne, will surely ryse.

O violata, vale, vale ô violata, placebas,
Inviolata noces nunc violata mihi,
Vulteius.

If you had had a waxye hart
That would have melt at hot desyre,
Or chaffye thoughtes that could have start,
And yeeld to burne at every fyre,
What ere I did, or sayd before,
I should have thought you but a whore.

Sic virgo dum intacta manet, tu chara suis
sed cum amisit polluto corpore florem.
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec chara puellis.
Catullus.

Though saylers love the common Port,
As safest harbour where-to rest,
Yet wise men seeke the strongest fort,
And paper castells most detest:
Men cannot love such as they know,
Will yeeld at sight of every blow.

But

But now my love by vertue bound,
No stormie blastes can make it quaile,
Your constant mind a frend hath found
Whose honest love shall never faile,
A faithfull frend in honest love,
Whom lewd affections shall not move.

If you this wanton fault forgive,
No time in me shall ever find
Such lewd attemptes, while I do live,
Now that I know your constant mynd,
My pen doth write, my hart hath swore
My tounge such speech shall use no more.

A thousand tymes I love you more,
Then if I had my purpose wonne,
Of common love I make no store,
But leave it there where I begunne,
What oddes there is, now you may prove,
Twixt wicked lust and honest love.

Now grant I pray this last request,
That fraudlesse hart doth frendly send,
That if my fayth deserve it best,
Accept me for your honest frend:
And if I seeke your spoile, or shame,
Then raze me out, and blot my name.

And if I shall this favour find,
Then weare this ring, though you be loth,
As token of my simple mynd,
And perfect band of faithfull oath:
The posye is, No frend to faith
That will remaine, till both our death.

Esteeme

Esteeme not this a painted bait,
Or golden ball cast to deceave:
If I do meane such lewd desait,
Let God my soule in tormentes leave:
I say no more, but thus I end
In honest love your faithful frend.

D.H.

AVISA to D. H.

CANT. XLIII.

YOU know that I have laid my rest,
From which my mind shall never swerve,
If all be true that you protest,
Then shall you find, as you deserve:
All hidden truth tyme will bewraie,
This is as much as I can saie.

Alway the same
Avisa

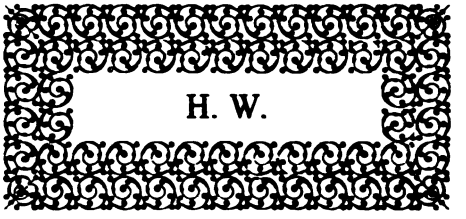
CANT. XLIIII.

Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispalensis.

H. W. being sodenly affected with the contagion of a fantasticall fit, at the first sight of A, pyneth a while in secret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of so fervent a humour, bewrayeth the secresy of his disease unto his familiar frend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesy

tesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection; yet finding his frend let bloud in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in steed of stopping the issue, he inlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in tyme to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his frend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his frends folly, that had given occasion not long before unto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his part better then himselfe, & in vewing a far off the course of this loving Comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player. But at length this Comedy was like to have growen to a Tragedy, by the weake and feeble estate that H.W. was brought unto, by a desperate vewe of an impossibility of obtaining his purpose, til Time & Necessity, being his best Phisitions brought him a plaster, if not to heale, yet in part to ease his maladye. In all which discourse is lively represented the unrewly rage of unbrydeled fancy, having the raines to rove at liberty, with the dyvers & sundry changes of affections & temptations, which Will, set loose from Reason, can devise, &c.

H.W.



WHAT sodaine chance or change is this,
That doth bereave my quyet rest?
What surly cloud eclipst my blisse,
What sprite doth rage within my brest?
Such fainty qualmes I never found,
Till first I saw this westerne ground.

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And strike the sences out of frame?
Though this be true, yet this is strange,
Sith I so lately hither came:
And yet in body cannot find
So great a change as in my mynd.

My lustlesse limmes do pyne away,
Because my heart is dead within,
All lively heat I feele decay,
And deadly cold his roome doth win,
My humors all are out of frame,
I frize amid'st the burning flame.

I have the feaver Ethicke right,
I burne within, consume without,
And having melted all my might,
Then followes death, without all doubt:
O fearefull foole, that know my greefe,
Yet sew and seeke for no releefe.

I know

I know the tyme, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did vew
That novell shape, that frendly face,
That so doth make my hart to rew,
O happy tyme if she inclyne,
If not, O wourth theese lucklesse eyne.

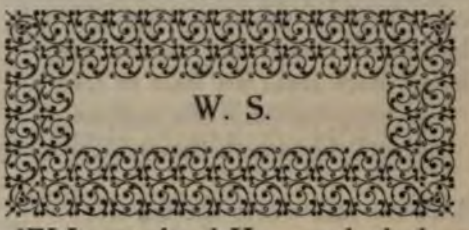
I love the seat where she did sit,
I kisse the grasse, where she did tread,
Me thinkes I see that face as yet,
And eye, that all these turmoyles breed,
I envie that this seat, this ground,
Such frendly grace and favour found.

I dream't of late, God grant that dreame
Protend my good, that she did meete
Me in this greene by yonder streame,
And smyling did me frendly greete:
Where wandring dreames be just or (wrong,
I mind to try ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faythfull frend,
That like assaultes hath often tryde,
On his advise I will depend,
Where I shall winne, or be denyde,
And looke what counsell he shall give,
That will I do, where dye or live.

CANT.

CANT. XLV.



WELL met, frend Harry, what's the cause
You looke so pale with Lented
Your wanny face and sharpened nose (cheeks ?
Shew plaine, your mind some thing mislikes,
If you will tell me what it is,
Ile helpe to mend what is amisse.

What is she, man, that workes thy woe,
And thus thy tickling fancy move?
Thy drousie eyes, & sighes do shoe
This new disease proceedes of love,
Tell what she is that witch't thee so,
I sweare it shall no farder go.

A heavy burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light, or rather none,
And boren well with little paine :
The smothered flame, too closely pent,
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So sorrowes shrynde in secret brest,
Attainte the hart with hotter rage,
Then griefes that are to frendes exprest,
Whose comfort may some part asswage :
If I a frend, whose faith is tryde,
Let this request not be denyde.

Excessive.

his Auiſa.

Exceſſiue griefes good counſells want,
And cloud the ſence from ſharpe conceits;
No reaſon rules, where ſorrowes plant,
And folly feedes, where fury fretes,
Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,
What hope and help ſhall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.

H. W.

SEeſt yonder howſe, where hanges the badge
Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth ly:
And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my hart thus rage and ſwell,

CANT. XLVII.

W. S.

VVEll, ſay no more: I knów thy griefe,
And face from whence theſe flames (aryſe,
It is not hard to fynd reliefe,
If thou wilt follow good aduyſe:
She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
I thinke in tyme ſhe may be wonne.

At firſt

Excessive griefes good counsells want,
And cloud the sence from sharpe conceits ;
No reason rules, where sorrowes plant,
And folly feedes, where fury fretes,
Tell what she is, and you shall see,
What hope and help shall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.

H. W.

SEEST yonder howse, where hanges the badge
Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
Victorious land, to conquering rage,
Loe, there my hopelesse helpe doth ly :
And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
That makes my hart thus rage and swell.

CANT. XLVII.

W. S.

WELL, say no more : I know thy griefe,
And face from whence these flames
It is not hard to fynd reliefe (aryse,
If thou wilt follow good advyse :
She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
I thinke in tyme she may be wonne.

At first

Ars veteratoria.

At first repulse you must not faint,
Nor flye the field though she deny
You twise or thrise, yet manly bent,
Againe, you must, and still, reply :
When tyme permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

Munera (crede mihi) placant hominesq; Deosq;

Apply her still with dyvers thinges,
(For giftes the wysest will deceave)
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with
No tyme nor fit occasion leave, (ringes,
Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,
These toyes in tyme will make her yielde,

Looke what she likes ; that you must love,
And what she hates, you must detest,
Where good or bad, you must approve,
The wordes and workes that please her best :
If she be godly, you must sweare,
That to offend you stand in feare.

Wicked wiles to deceave witles women.

You must commend her loving face,
For women joy in beauties praise,
You must admire her sober grace,
Her wisdome and her vertuous wayes,
Say, t'was her wit & modest shoe,
That made you like and love her so.

You must be secret, constant, free,
Your silent sighes & trickling teares,
Let her in secret often see,
Then wring her hand, as one that feares
To speake, then wish she were your wife,
And last desire her save your life.

When

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,
And watch occasions, tyme and place,
When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
Let sighes and sobbes request her grace:
Sweare that your love is trulyment,
So she in tyme must needes relent.

CANT. XLVIII.

H. W.

THE whole to sicke good counsel give,
Which they themselves cannot performe,
Your wordes do promise sweet reliefe,
To save my ship from drowning storme:
But hope is past, and health is spent,
For why my mynd is *Mal-content.*

The flowering hearbes, the pleasant spring,
That deckes the fieldes with vernant hew,
The harmelesse birdes, that sweetly sing,
My hidden griefes, do still renew;
The joyes that others long to see,
Is it that most tormenteth mee.

To dispaire of good successe in the beginning of any action, is alwayes a secret & most certaine forewarning of ill successe, that indeed doth often follow.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,
Where I shall see that wished May,
That can recure that baleful blast,
Whose cold despaire wrought my decay;
My hopelesse cloudes, that never cleere,
Presage great sorrowes very neere.

I

I mirth did once, and musicke love,
Which both as now, I greatly hate:
What uncouth sprite my hart doth move,
To loath the thing, I lov'd so late?
My greatest ease in deepest mone,
Is when I walke my selfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares, like rivers flow,
Yet fancy lulles me in her lap,
And telles me, lyfe from death shall grow:
Thus flattering hope makes me believe;
My griefe in tyme shall feele relieve.

Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosq; repellit.

Good fortune helpes the ventering wight,
That hard attempts dare undertake:
But they that shun the doubtful fight,
As coward drudges, doth forsake:
Come what there will, I meane to try,
Wher winne, or lose, I can but dye.

CANT. XLIX.

H. W. the first assault.

PARDON (sweet wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to show my smart,
Your face hath made such fierce assault,
And battred so my fencelesse hart:
That of my foe, my lyfe to save,
For grace I am constrained to crave.

The

his Avisa.

The raging Lyon never rendes
The yeelding pray, that prostrate lyes,
No valiant captayne ever bendes
His force against surrendering cryes :
Here I surrender roome and right,
And yeeld the fort at captaines sight.

You are the chieftaine, that have layd
This heavie siege to strengthlesse fort,
And fancy, that my will betrayd,
Hath lent dispaire his strongest port :
You glauncing eyes as Cannon shot,
Have pearst my hart, and freedome got.

When first I saw that frendly face,
Though never seen before that day,
That wit, that talke, that sober grace,
In secret hart thus did I say :
God prosper this, for this is she,
That joy or woe must bring to me.

A thousand fewtures I have seene,
For Travelers change, & choice shall see
In Fraunce, in Flaunders, & in Spaine,
Yet none, nor none could conquere mee ;
Till now I saw this face of thyne,
That makes my wittes are none of myne.

I often said, yet there is one,
But where, or what I could not tell,
Whose sight my sence would over come,
I feard it still, I knew it well,
And now I know you are the She,
That was ordaind to vanquish me.

CANT.

CANT. L.

WHAT song is this that you do sing,
What tale is this that you do tell,
What newes is this that you do bring,
Or what you meane, I know not well?
If you will speake, pray speake it playne,
Lest els perhaps you lose your payne.

My mynd surpris'd with household cares
Tendes not darke riddles to untwyne.
My state surcharg'd with great affares,
To Idle talke can lend no tyme;
For if your speeches tend to love,
Your tonge in vaine such sutes will move.

In greenest grasse the winding snake,
With poysoned sting is soonest found,
A cowardes tongue makes greatest cracke,
The emptiest caske yeelds greatest sound,
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The fouler doth most sweetly sing,

Idlenesse the mother of all foolish wantonesse. David being idle fell to strange lust. *Quæritur Egistus, quare sit factus Adulter.*

If wandering rages have possest
Your roving mynd at randame bent;
If idle qualmes from too much rest,
Fond fancyes to your lust have sent:
Cut off the cause that breedes your smart.
Then will your sicknesse soone depart.

The

In promptu causa est : Desidiosus erat.

Noblemen gentlemen, and Captaynes by idlenesse fall to all kynd of vices.

The restles mynd that reason wantes,
Is like the ship that lackes a sterne,
The hart beset with follyes plantes,
At wisdomes lore repynes to learne :
Some seeke and fynd what fancy list,
But after wish that they had mist.

Who loves to tread unknowen pathes,
Doth often wander from his way,
Who longes to lave in bravest bathes,
Doth wash by night, and wast by day :
Take heed betyme, beware the pryse
Of wicked lust, if you be wyse.

CANT. LI.

H. W.

UNWONTED lyking breedes my love,
And love the welspring of my griefe,
This fancy fixt none can remove,
None send redresse, none give reliefe,
But onely you, whose onely sight
Hath fors't me to this pyning plight.

Love oft doth spring from due desart,
As loving cause of true effect,
But myne proceeds from wounded hart,
As scholler to a novell sect :
I bare that lyking, few have bore,
I love, that never lov'd before.

I love

I love, though doubtfull of successe,
As blindmen grope to try the way;
Yet still I love because I gesse,
You love, for love cannot denay,
Except you spring of savadge kynd,
Whome no desartes, nor love can bynd.

Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are cheefly best,
A constant love doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner ever blest:
How blame you then the faithfull love
That hath his praise from God above.

Can you withstand what fates ordayne?
Can you reprove dame Natures frame?
Where natures joyne, shall will disclaime?
Acquite my love, beare they the blame,
That snuffe at faith, & looke so coy,
And count true love but for a toy.

If fortune say it shal be so,
Then though you lyke, yet shall you yeeld,
Say what you list, you cannot go
Unconquered thus from Cupids field,
That love that none could ever have,
I give to you, and yours I crave.

CANT.

CANT. LII.

AVISA.

WELL, you are bent I see, to try
The utmost list of follies race,
Your fancy hath no power to fly
The luring baite of flattering grace,
The fish that leapes & never lookes,
Fyndes death unwares in secret hookes.

You say you love, yet shew no cause,
Of this your love, or rather lust,
Or whence this new affection groes
Which though untryde, yet we must trust,
Dry reeds that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flamelesse cinders turne.

Such raging love in rangling mates,
Is quickly found, and sooner lost;
Such deepe deceate in all estates,
That spares no care, no payne nor cost;
With flattering tongues, & golden giftes,
To dryve poore women to their shiftes.

Examine well, & you shall see
Your truthlesse treason, tearmed love,
What cause have you to fancy mee,
That never yet had tyme to prove,
What I have beene, nor what I am,
Where worthie love, or rather shame?

This

This love that you to straungers bare,
Is like to headstrong horse and mule,
That ful-fed nyes on every mare,
Whose lust outleapes the lawfull rule,
For here is seene your constant love,
Whome strange aspects so quickly move.

Besides you know I am a wife,
Not free, but bound by plighted oath,
Can love remaine, where filthy life
Hath staind the soile, where vertue gro'th?
Can love indure, where faith is fled?
Can Roses spring, whose roote is dead?

True love is constant in her choise,
But if I yeeld to chuse againe,
Then may you say with open voice,
This is her use, this is her vaine,
She yeelds to all: how can you than
Love her that yeeldes to every man?

CANT. LIII.

H. W.

IF fear and sorrow sharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style, must finely fit,
To paint my griefe, and waile my case,
Sith my true love is counted lust:
And hope is rackt in spitefull dust.

The

his Avisa.

The cause that made me love so soone,
And feedes my mind with inward smart,
Springes not from Starres, nor yet the Moone,
But closly lies in secret hart:
And if you aske, I can not tell,
Nor why, nor how, this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could have wrought,
In lustlesse hart this loves effect,
Some fairer farre my love have sought,
Whose loving lookes I did reject.
If now I yeeld without assault,
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you have swore,
You will be true. Yet what of this?
Did never wife play false before,
Nor for her pleasure strike amis?
Will you alone be constant still,
When none are chast, nor ever will?

A man or women first may chuse
The love that they may after loth;
W[h]o can denie but such may use
A second choice, to pleasure both?
No fault to change the old for new;
So to the second they be trew.

Your husband is a worthlesse thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can that pleasure bring,
Your flowring yeares desire to find:
This I will count my chiefest blisse,
If I obtaine, that others misse.

Thers

Ther's nothing gotten to be coye,
The purer stampe you must detest,
Now is your time of greatest joye,
Then love the friend that loves you best,
This I will count my chiefest blisse
If I obtaine that others misse.

CANT. LIIII.

AVISA.

THAT others misse, you would obtaine,
And want of this doth make you sad,
I sorrow that you take such paine,
To seeke for that, will not be had,
Your filed skill the power doth want,
Within this plot such trees to plant.

Though some there be, that have done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith:
Yet doe not thinke that others will,
That feare of shame more then of death:
A spotlesse name is more to me,
Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all unconstant, all unsound?
Will none performe their sworen vow?
Yet shall you say, that you have found,
A chast, and constant wife I trow:
And you shall see, when all is doone,
Where all will yeeld, and all be woone.

Though

Though you have bin at common schoole,
And enterd plaints in common place;
Yet you wil prove your selfe a foole,
To judge all women void of grace:
I doubt not but you will be brought,
Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your second change let them alow,
That list mislike their primer choice,
I lov'd him first, I love him now,
To whom I gave my yeelding voice,
My faith and love, I will not give
To mortall man, while he doth live.

What love is this, that bids me hate,
The man whom nature bids me love?
What love is this, that sets debate,
Twixt man and wife? but here I prove:
Though sm[o]othed words seeme very kind,
Yet all proceed from devilish mind.

CANT. LV.

H. W.

FROM devilish mind? well wanton well,
You thinke your strength is very sure,
You thinke all women to excell,
And all temptations to indure.
These glorious braggs shew but your pride:
For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

You

You are (I hope) as others bee,
A woman made of flesh and blood.
Amongst them all, will you goe free,
When all are ill, will you be good?
Assure your selfe, I do not faine,
Requite my love with love againe.

Let me be hangd if you be such,
As you pretend in outward shoe;
Yet I commend your wisdome much,
Which mov'd me first to love you so:
Where men no outward shewes detect,
Suspicious minds can nil suspect.

But to the matter; tell me true,
Where you your fancie can incline,
To yeeld your love, for which I sue,
As fortune hath intangled mine:
For well I know, it's nothing good,
To strive against the raging flood.

What you mislike, I will amend,
If yeares I want, why I will stay,
My goods and life here I will spend,
And helpe you still in what I may:
For though I seeme a headlong youth,
Let time be triall of my truth.

Your name by me shall not be crackt,
But let this tongue from out my jawes,
Be rent, and bones to peeces rackt,
If I your secrets doe disclose,
Take good advisement what you say,
This is my good, or dismall day.

CANT.

CANT. LVI.

AVISA.

YES, so I will, you may be bold,
Nor will I use such strange delaies;
But that you shall be quickly told,
How you shall frame your wandring waies:
If you will follow mine advise,
Doubt not but you shall soone be wise.

To love, excepting honest love,
I can not yeeld, assure you mind;
Then leave this frutelesse sute to move,
Least like to *Sysyphus* you find,
With endlesse labour, gainelesse paine,
To role the stone that turnes againe.

You want no yeares, but rather wit,
And dew forecast in that you seeke,
To make your choice that best may fit,
And this is most that I mislieke;
If you be free, live where you list,
But still beware of, Had I wist.

Serve God, and call to him for grace,
That he may stay your slipperie slides,
From treading out that sinfull trace,
That leades where endlesse sorrowe bides,
Thus shall you wisely guide your feete;
Though youth and wisedome seldome meete

And

And if you find, you have no gift,
To live a chast and matelesse life,
Yet feare to use unlawfull shift,
But marry with some honest wife,
With whom you may contented live,
And wandring mind from folly drive.

Fuggi quel piacer presente che ti da dolor futuro.

Fly present pleasure that doth bring
Insuing sorrow, paine and griefe;
Of death beware the poys'ned sting,
That hatcheth horror sance reliefe,
Take this of me, and in the end
I shall be thought your chiefest frend.

CANT. LVII.

H. W.

IF then the welspring of my joy,
A floud of woe, in fine become,
If love engender loves annoy,
Then farewell life, my glasse is runne;
If you thus constant still remaine;
Then must I die, or live in paine.

Thrice happie they, whose joyned harts,
United wils have linckt in one,
Whose eies discerne the due desarts,
The griping griefe, and grievous grone,
That faith doth breed in setled mind,
As fancies are by fates inclined.

And

And shall I role the restlesse stone?
And must I prove the endlesse paine?
In curelesse care shall I alone,
Consume with griefe, that yeelds me gaine?
If so I curse these eies of mine,
That first beheld that face of thine.

Your will must with my woe dispence,
Your face the founder of my smart,
That pleasant looke fram'd this offence,
These thrilling gripes that gall my hart,
Sith you this wound, and hurt did give,
You must consent to yeeld relieve.

How can I cease, while fancie guides
The restlesse raines of my desire?
Can reason rule, where folly bides?
Can wit inthrald to will retire?
I little thought I should have mist,
I never feard of, Had I wist.

Let old men pray, let setled heads
Inthrall their necks to wedlocke band,
Shrend golden gyves, who ever weds
With pleasant paine, shall take in hand:
But I will be your faithful frend,
If health by hope you yeeld to send.

CANT.

CANT. LVIII.

AVISA.

WHAT filthy folly, raging lust,
What beastly blindnes fancy breedes?
As though the Lord had not accurst,
With vengeance due, the sinfull deeds?
Though vaine-led youth with pleasure swell,
Yet marke these words that I shall tell.

Gen. 38. 24. Whoremongers burnt.

Who so with filthy pleasure burnes;
His sinfull flesh with fierie flakes
Must be consum'd; whose soule returnes
To endlesse paine in burning lakes.
You seeme by this, to wish me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Call you this (Love) that bringeth sin,
And sowes the seedes of heavie cheere?
If this be love, I pray begin,
To hate the thing I love so deere;
I love no love of such a rate,
Nor fancie that, which God doth hate.

Prover. 5 3

But what saith he that long had tryde
Of harlots all the wanton flights;
Beware least that your hart be tyde,
To fond affects by wanton sights:
Their wandering eies, and wanton lookes,
Catch fooles as fish, with painted hookes.

Their

Their lippes with oyle and honie flow,
Their tongs are fraught with flattering guile;
Amidst these joyes great sorrowes grow;
For pleasures flourish but a while,
Their feete to death, their steps to hell,
Do swiftly slide, that thus do mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull love,
This signe of Gods revenging ire;
Let love of God such lust remove,
And quench the flames of foule desire,
If you will count me for your frend,
You must both workes and words amend.

CANT LIX.

With this bitter reply of *Avisa*, H. W. being somewhat daunted, yet not altogether whithout hope, went home to his house, and there secretly in a melancolike passion wrote these verses following.

H. W. To *AVISA* my friendly foe.

THE busie Gnat about the candle, hovering still doth flie, Sixaine,
The slimie Fish about the bayt, still wavering doth lie,
The fearefull Mouse about the trap doth often try his strength,
Untill both Gnat, and Fish and Mouse, be taken at the length,
Even so unhappie I, do like my greatest baine,
Unlesse you do with speede, release my mortall paine.

The

Quatraine. *The light foote hart desires the waters brooke,*
The dog most sicke the greenest grasse doth crave,
The wounded wight for surgeon still doth looke,
Untill both hart, and dogge, and wight their medicine have:
But I with griefe th'unhappiest of them all,
Do still delight to be my enemies thrall.

Deuxaine. *Mine enemie I say, though yet my sweetest frend,*
If of my sorrowes I may see some speedie holsome end.

FINIS. Chi la dura, la Vince.

CANTO LX.

AVISA, her reply to H.W.

THE busie Gnat for want of wit,
Doth sindge his wings in burning flame,
The Fish with baite will headlong flit,
Till she be choked with the same;
So you with Gnat and Fish will play,
Till flame and foode worke your decay.

The heedlesse Mouse, that tries the trap,
In hast to reach her harts desire,
Doth quickly find such quainte mishap,
That barres her strength from free retire,
So you will never ceasse to crave,
Till you have lost that now you have.

The hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, grasse, and Surgeon call,
Their griefes and cures, are all but light,
But your conceite surpast them all;
Except you change your wanton mind,
You shall no ease, nor comfort find.

Alway the same
Avisa.

CANT. LXI.

H. W. prosecuteth his sute.

WILL not your laughty stomacke stoupe?
Will not this selfe conceite come downe?
As haggard loving mirthlesse coupe,
At frendly lure doth checke and frowne?
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,
But blame the Hawkes unbridled will.

Your sharp replies, your frowning cheare,
To absent lines, and present vew,
Doth aie redouble trembling feare,
And griping griefes do still renew,
Your face to me my sole reliefe,
My sight to you your onely griefe.

O

O luckleſse wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my love in ſuch a ſoile?
What furie makes me thus relie
On her that ſeekes my utter ſpoile?
O Gods of love, what ſigne is this,
That in the firſt, I firſt ſhould miſ?

And can you thus increaſe my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine?
Canſt kill the hart that loves thee ſo,
Canſt quit my love with foule diſdaine?
And if thou canſt, woe worth the place,
Where firſt I ſaw that flattering face.

And ſhall my folly prove it trew,
That haſtie pleaſure doubleth paine,
Shall griefe rebound, where joye[s] grew?
Of faithfull hart is this the gaine?
Me thinks for all your grave adviſe,
(Forgive my thought) you are not wiſe.

Would God I could reſtraine my love,
Sith you to love me can not yeeld,
But I alas cannot remove
My fancie, though I die in feeld:
My life doth on your love depend,
My love and life at once muſt end.

CANT LXII

AVISA.

What

his Avisa.

54

WHAT witlesse errors do possesse
The wretched minds of loving fooles,
That breathlesse runne to such distresse,
That lively heate fond sorrowe cooles?
They reke not where they stand or fall,
Deny them love, take life and all.

It seemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their foolish will,
Such od conceites they seeke to find,
As may their childish fancies fill,
It makes me smile thus, now and then,
To see the guise of foolish men.

I can not stoupe to wandring lure;
My mind is one, and still the same;
While breath, while life, while daies indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my shame,
Then if you strive and stirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruites of idle braine.

If I do sometimes looke awrie,
As loth to see your blobered face,
And loth to heare a yong man crie,
Correct for shame this childish race,
And though you weepe and waile to mee
Yet let not all these follies see.

Good *Harry* leave these raging toyes,
That thus from restlesse fancie flow,
Unfit for men, not meete for boyes,
And let's a while talke wisely now;
If that you love me as you say,
Then cease such madnes to bewray.

If

q

If honest love could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not sticke to give consent,
To like you so, and love you still.
But while lust leades your love awrie,
Assure your selfe, I will denie.

CANT. LXIII.

H. W.

AND is it lust that welds my love?
Or is it but your fond surmise?
Will you condemne, before you prove?
How can I thinke you to be wise?
O faithfull hart, yet thrice accurst,
That art misdeemd thus at the first.

If lust did rule my restlesse hart,
If onely lust did beare the sway,
I quickly could asswage my smart,
With choise, and change, for every day,
You should not laugh to see me weepe,
If lust were it that strake so deepe.

And yet at first, before I knew,
What vaine it was that bled so sore,
Wher lust or love, to prove it trew,
I tooke a salve that still before
Was wont to helpe, I chose me one,
With whom I quencht my lust alone.

Yet

A bad argument to prove good love.

Yet this (sweete hart) could not suffise,
Nor any way content my mind,
I felt new qualmes, and new arise,
And stronger still, and strong I find,
By this, I thus doe plainely prove,
It is not lust, but faithfull love.

And yet to prove my love more sure,
And since you will not false your faith,
This pining plight I will indure,
Till death do stop your husbands breath ;
To have me then if you will say,
I will not marrie, till that day.

If you will give your full consent,
When God shall take your husbands life,
That then you will be well content,
To be my spouse and loving wife,
I will be joyfull as before,
And till that time will crave no more.

CANT. LXIV.

AVISA.

NO more ; no more, too much of this,
And is mine ynch become an ell ?
If thus you writh my words amis,
I must of force, bid you farwell,
You shew in this your loving bent,
To catch at that I never ment.

I

I thought at first, (but this my thought
I must correct ;) that simple love,
In guilles hart these fits had wrought.
But I ; too simple I, now prove,
That under shew of great good will,
My harts delight you seeke to spill.

He loves me well, that tils a trap,
Of deepe deceite, and deadly baine,
In dreadfull daungers thus to wrap
His friend by baites of flering traine :
Though flattering tongues can paint it brave
Your words do shew, what love you have.

I must consent, and you will stay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not say you Nay :
Nor of your other purpose mis,
You are deceiv'd, and you shall trie,
That I such faith, and friends defie.

Such fained, former, faithlesse plot
I most detest, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to cast my lot,
With free consent to chuse againe,
Of all the men I ever knew,
I would not make my choice of you.

Let this suffice, and do not stay
On hope of that which will not be,
Then cease your sute, go where you may,
Vaine is your trust to hope on me,
My choice is past, my hart is bent,
While that remaines, to be content.

Now

Now having tract the winding trace,
Of false resemblance, give me leave,
From this to shew a stranger grace,
Then heretofore, you did perceave,
Gainst friendlesse love if I repyne,
The fault is yours, & none of myne.

CANT. LXV.

H. W.

I WILL not wish, I cannot vow,
Thy hurt, thy griefe, though thou disdaine,
Though thou refuse, I know not how,
To quite my love with love againe:
Since I have swore to be thy frend,
As I began, so will I end.

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,
Conspire with greefe to stop my breath,
Yet still thy frend, & not thy foe
I will remayne untill my death:
Choose whome thou wilt, I will resigne,
If love, or faith, be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long have lent
My wandring eyes to gase on thee.
I have both tyme, & travell spent
In vaine, in vaine: and now I see,
They do but frutelesse paine procure,
To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

When

When I am dead, yet thou mayst boast,
Thou hadst a frend, a faithfull frend,
That living liv'd to love thee most,
And lov'd thee still unto his end;
Though thou unworthy, with disdaine
Did'st force him live and dye in paine.

Now may I sing, now sigh, and say,
Farewell my lyfe, farewell my joy,
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day,
Love, too much love breedes myne annoy:
What can I wish, what should I crave,
Sith that is gon, that I should have.

Though hope be turned to dispaire,
Yet give my tongue leave to lament,
Beleeve me now, my hart doth sweare,
My lucklesse love was truly ment:
Thou art too proud, I say no more,
Too stout, and wo is me therefore.

Felice chi puo.

CANT. LXVI.

Avisa having heard this patheticall fancy of H.W. and seeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to see such passionate follie, in a man that should have goverment, with a frowning countenance turned from him, without farder answere, making silence her best reply, and following the counsell of the wise, not to answere a foole in his folly lest he grow too foolish, returted quite from him, and left him alone. But he departing home, and not able by reason to rule the raginge fume of this phantasticall fury, cast himselfe uppon his bed

bed, & refusing both foode and comfort for many daies together, fell at length into such extremity of passionate affections, that as many as saw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wittes, yet, after a longe space absence, having procured some respite from his sorrowes, he takes his pen and wrate, as followeth.

H. W.

LYKE wounded Deare whose tender sydes are bath'ed in blood,
From deadly wound, by fatall hand & forked shaft:
So bleedes my pearced hart, for so you thinke it good,
With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft:
You still did loth my lyfe, my death shall be your gaine,
To dye to do you good, I shall not thinke it paine.

My person could not please, my talke was out of frame,
Though hart and eye could never brooke my loathed sight,
Yet love doth make me say, to keepe you out of blame,
The fault was only mine, and that you did but right,
When I am gon, I hope my ghost shall shew you plaine,
That I did truly love, and that I did not faine.

Now must I fynd the way to waile while lyfe doth last,
Yet hope I soone to see, the end of dolefull dayes;
When floudes of flowing feares, and creeping cares are past,
Then shall I leave to sing, and write these pleasant layes:
For now I loth the foode, and bloud that lends me breath,
I count all pleasures paine that keepe me from my death.

To

To darke and heavy shades, I now will take my flight,
Where nether tongue nor eye shall tell or see my fall,
That there I may disject these dregges of thy dispight,
And purge the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gall:
In secret silence so, Perforce *shall be my song,*
Till truth make you confesse that you have done me wrong.
Gia speme spenta.
H. W.

Avisa refusing both to come or send him any aunswere, after a long & melancholike deliberation, he wrate againe so as followeth-

CANT. LXVII.

H. W.

THOUGH you refuse to come or send,
Yet this I send, though I do stay,
Unto these lynes some credit lend,
And marke it well what they shall say,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They do but shew their maisters fall.

Though you disdaine to shew remorce,
You were the first and onely wight,
Whose fawning features did inforce
My will to runne beyond my might:
In femall face such force we see,
To captive them, that erst were free.
Your

Your onely word was then a law
Unto my mynd, if I did sinne,
Forgive this sinne, but then I saw
My bane or blisse did first beginne,
See what my fancy coulde have donne,
Your love at first, if I had wonne.

All fortune flat I had defyde,
To choiçe and change defyance sent,
No frowning fates could have denyde,
My loves persute, & willing bent,
This was my mynd, if I had found
Your love as myne, but half so sound.

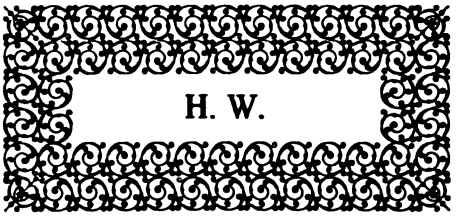
Then had I bad the hellish rout,
To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,
And cursed haggs that are so stout,
I boldly would have bid avaunt,
Let earth and ayre have fround their fill
So I had wrought my wished will.

No raging storme, nor whirling blast,
My setled heart could have annoyd,
No sky with thundering cloudes orecast
Had hurt, if you I had enjoyed,
Now hope is past, loe you may see,
How every toy tormenteth mee.

Chi circa trova.

CANT.

CANT. LXVIII.



WITH oken planckes to plane the waves,
What Neptunes rage could I have fear'd
To quell the gulfe that rudely raves,
What perill could have once appear'd ?
But now that I am left alone ;
Bare thoughts enforce my hart to grone.

With thee to passe the chamfered groundes,
What force or feare could me restraine ?
With thee to chase the Scillan houndes,
Me thinkes it were a pleasant paine,
This was my thought, this is my love,
Which none but death, can yet remove.

It then behoves my fainting sprite,
To lofty skyes returne againe,
Sith onely death bringes me delite,
Which loving live in curelesse paine,
What hap to strangers is assind,
If knowne frendes doo such favour find.

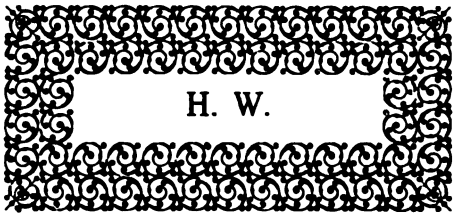
How often have my frendly mates
My loving errours laught to scorne,
How oft for thee found I debates,
Which now I wish had beene forborne :
But this & more would I have donne,
If I thy favour could have wonne.

I saw

I saw your gardens passing fyne,
With pleasant flowers lately dect,
With Couslops and with Eglentine,
When wofull Woodbyne lyes reject:
Yet these in weedes and briars meet,
Although they seeme to smell so sweet.

The dainty Daysy bravely springes,
And cheefest honour seemes to get,
I envy not such frendly thinges,
But blesse the hand that these have set:
Yet let the Hysope have his place,
That doth deserve a speciall grace.
Vivi, Chi vince.

CANT. LXIX.



BUT now farewell, your selfe shall see,
An odd exchange of frends in tyme.
You may perhappes then wish for mee,
And waile too late this cruell cryme:
Yea wish your selfe perhaps beshrewd,
That you to me such rigor shewd.

I cannot force you for to like,
Where cruell fancy doth rebell,
I must some other fortune seeke,
But where or how I cannot tell:
And yet I doubt where you shall find
In all your life so sure a friend.

Of

Willobie

Of pleasant dayes the date is donne,
My carcase pyneth in conceat,
The lyne of lyfe his race hath runne,
Expecting sound of deathes retreat:
Yet would I live to love thee still,
And do thee good against thy will.

How can I love, how can I live,
Whil'st that my hart hath lost his hope,
Dispaire abandons sweet reliefe,
My love, and life have lost their scope:
Yet would I live thy feature to behold,
Yet would I love, if I might be so bold.

These verses exceed measure, to shew that his affections keepe no compasse, and his exceeding love.

My griefe is greene, and never springes,
My sorrowe full of deadly sap,
Sweet death remove these bitter thinges,
Give end to hard and cruell hap:
Yet would I live if I might see,
My life, or limmes might pleasure thee.

Farewell that sweet and pleasant walke,
The witnesse of my faith and wo,
That oft hath heard our frendly talke,
And giv'n me leave my griefe to show,
O pleasant path, where I could see
No crosse at all but onely shee.

Il fine, fa il tutto.

CANT. LXX.

H. W.

LIKE silly Bat, that loves the darke,
And seldome brookes the wished light,
Obscurely so I seeke the marke,
That aye doth vanish from my sight,
Yet shall she say, I died her frend,
Though by disdaine she sought mine end.

Faine would I cease, and hold my tong,
But love and sorrow set me on,
Needes must I plaine of spitefull wrong,
Sith hope and health will both be gon,
When branch from inward rind is fled,
The barke doth wish the body dead.

If ever man were borne to woe,
I am the man, you know it well,
My chiefest friend, my greatest foe,
And heaven become my heavie hell,
This do I feele, this do I find:
But who can loose, that God will bind?

For since the day, O dismall day
I first beheld that smiling face,
My fancie made her choice straightway,
And bad all other loves give place,
Yea, since I saw thy lovely sight,
I frize and frie, twixt joye and spight.

Where.

Where fond suspect doth keepe the gate
There trust is chased from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where falshod will admit no more;
Then naked faith and love must yeeld,
For lacke offence, and flie the field.

Then easier were it for to chuse,
To crale against the craggie hill,
Then sutes, then sighs, then words to use,
To change a froward womans will,
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toye, where fancies raigne.

Ama, Chi ti ama.

CANT. LXXI.

H. W.

MY tongue, my hand, my ready hart,
That spake, that felt, that freely thought,
My love, my limbes, my inward smart,
Have all performed what they ought,
These all do love you yet, and shall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

Shall I repent, I ever saw
That face, that so can frowne on mee?
How can I wish, when fancies draw
Mine eies to wish, and looke for thee?
Then though you do denie my right,
Yet bar me not from wished sight.

And

And yet I crave, I know not what,
Perchance my presence breeds your paine,
And if I were perswaded that,
I would in absence still remaine,
You shall not feele the smallest griefe
Although it were to save my life.

Ah woe is me, the case so stands,
That sencelesse papers plead my wo,
They can not weepe, nor wring their hands,
But say perhaps, that I did so,
And though these lines for mercie crave,
Who can on papers pittie have?

O that my griefes, my sighs, my teares,
Might plainely muster in your vew,
Then paine, not pen, then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings trew,
This wishing shewes a wofull want,
Of that which you by right should grant.

Now fare thou well, whose wel-fare brings
Such lothsome feare, and ill to me,
Yet heere thy friend this farwell sings,
Though heavie word a farwell be.
Against all hope, if I hope still,
Blame but abundance of good will.

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopem me copia fecit.
H.W.

CANT.

CANT. LXXII.

YOUR long Epistle I have read,
Great store of words, and little wit,
(For want of wit, these fancies bred)
To aunswere all I thinke not fit,
But in a word, you shall perceave,
How kindly I will take my leave.

When you shall see sweete Lillies grow,
And flourish in the frozen yse,
When ebbing tides shall leave to flow,
And mountaines to the skies shall ryse,
When roring Seas do cease to rave,
Then shall you gaine the thing you crave.

When Fish as haggard Hawkes shall flie,
When Seas shall flame, and Sunne shall freese.
When mortall men shall never die,
And earth shall yeeld, nor herbe nor trees,
Then shall your words my mind remove,
And I accept your proffered love.

When Thames shall leave his channell drie,
When Sheepe shall feede amidst the Sea.
When stones aloft, as Birds shall flie,
And night be changed into day,
Then shall you see that I will yeeld,
And to your force resigne the feeld.

Till

Till all these these things doe come to passe,
Assure your selfe, you know my mind,
My hart is now, as first it was,
I came not of dame Chrysiedes *kind,*
Then leave to hope, learne to refraine,
Your mind from that, you seeke in vaine.

I wish you well, and well to fare,
And there with all a godly mind,
Devoid of lust, and foolish care,
This if you seeke, this shall you find.
But I must say, as erst before,
Then cease to waile, and write no more.

Alway the same
Avisa.

H. W. Was now againe striken so dead, that hee hath not yet any farder assaid, nor I thinke ever will, and where he be alive or dead I know not, and therfore I leave him.

The

The Authors conclusion.

SO thus she stands unconquered yet,
As Lambe amidst the Lions pause,
Whom gifts, nor wils, nor force of wit,
Could vanquish once with all their shewes,
To speake the truth, and say no more,
I never knew her like before.

Then blame me not, if I protest,
My sillie Muse shall still commend
This constant A. above the rest,
While others learne their life to mend;
My tongue on high and high shall raise,
And alway sing her worthie praise.

While hand can write, while wit devise,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue shall be had in prise
Among the best and honest sort,
And they that wil mislike of this,
I shall suspect, they strike amis.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of such as hold a constant mind,
Eternall be the lasting shame
Of such as wave with every wind:
Though some there be that will repine;
Yet some will praise this wish of mine.

But here I cease for feare of blame
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be spoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in secret store,
If this be lik't, then can I say
Ye may see more another day.

Agitante calescimus illo
Farewell.

FINIS.

The resolution of a chast and a constant *wife, that minds to continue* faithfull unto her husband. To the tune of Fortune.

THOUGH winged Birds, do often skorne the lure,
And flying farre, do thinke themselves most sure,
Yet fancie so, his luring ingines frame,
That wildest harts, in time become most tame.

Where secret nature, frames a sweete consent,
Where privie fates their hidden force have bent,
To joyne in hart, the bodies that are twaine,
Flie where you list, you shall returne againe.

From fancies love, I strived still to flie,
Long time I did my fortune flat denie,
Till at the length, my wrastling bred my woe,
Knowing that none, their fortune can forgoe.

For while I liv'd, in prime of vernant youth,
Falshod that shew'd, the face of fained truth,
Falsly gan weave a web of wylie kind;
So to intrap my plaine and simple mind.

Great were the sutes, great were the frendly signes,
Sweete were the words, to poyson tender minds,
Large were the gifts, great were the proffers made,
To force my mind, to trie a trustlesse trade.

Great were the wights, that dayly did conspire,
To pluck the rose, their fancies did desire,
Traile did the teares, in hope to purchase trust,
Yet this was all, no love, but luring lust.

No

No fancie could then force me to replie,
Nor move my mind such doubtfull deeds to trie:
For well I knew, although I knew not all,
Such trickle trades procure a suddaine fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flie at will,
Thus did I scape the foulers painted skill,
Thus did I save my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I live a long and happie time.

Cupid that great, and mightie kings could move,
Could never frame, my hart to like of love,
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart,
Were still too blunt, to pearce my steelie hart.

Till at the length, as nature had assind,
Unto the earth, I bent a willing mind:
He was the first, to whom I gave my hand,
With free consent, to live in holy band.

Eva that gave her faithfull promise so,
With Adam to live in wealth and in wo,
Of faithfull hart, could never have more store,
Then I have felt, thrice three yeares space & more.

When I had giev'n my hart and free consent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No Seas of griefe, ne cares that I could find,
Could so prevaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,
Did he exalt, or did he cast him downe,
My faithfull hart did ever make me sing,
Welcome to me, what ever fortune bring,

Now when I thought, all dangers had bene past
Of lawlesse sutes, and sutors at the last,
The trade, the time, the place wherein I live,
Unto this Lampe, new oyle doe dayly give.

But

But like of this all you that love to range,
My fixed hart likes not the skittish change,
Now have I made the choice that shall remaine,
Vengeance befall, when I do change againe.

Now have I found a friend of high desart,
I have his love, and he has stoole my hart,
Now fortune packe, with all thy pelting store,
This is my choice, I like to chuse no more.

Cease then your sutes, yee lustie gallants all,
Thinke not I stoupe at every Faulkners call,
Trusse up your lures, your luring is in vaine,
Chosen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needlesse fained talkes,
Seeke other mates, that love such roving walkes,
None shall ever vaunt, that they have my consent,
Then let me rest, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
I recken more my credit and my health,
Though I be weake, my power very scant,
God so provides that I shall never want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he absent long,
Absent or present, this still shall be my song,
Fortune my friend, A friend to me hath lent,
This is my choise, and therewith am content.

Range they that list, and change who ever will,
One hath mine oth, and his I will be still,
Now let us fall, or let us rise on hie,
Still will I sing, now well content am I.

The

Willobie

The praise of a contented mind.

THE God that framde the fixed pole, and Lampe of gleaming light,
The azure skies, and twinkling Starres, to yeeld this pleasant sight,
In wisdome pight this pereleese plot, a rare surpassing frame,
And so with brave and sweete delights, have fraught and dect the same,
That every creature keepes his course, his compasse and his place,
And with delightfull joye runnes, his pointed time and race.
In one consent they friendly joyne, from which they can not fall,
As if the Lord had first ordainde, one soule to guide them all,
In every part there doth remaine, such love and free consent,
That every frame doth kisse his lot, and cries I am content.
The Articke pole that never moves, by which the shipmen saile,
Craves not to change his frizen Axe, nor from his place to steale,
The fixed Starres, that sildome range, delight their circles so,
That from their choise by wanton change, they never yeeld to go.
The Sunne and Moone that never hide, their brave resplendent raies,
Did never wish in wavering will, to change their wonted waies.
The roaring Sea, with ebbs and tides, that leapes against the land,
Is yet content for all his rage, to stay within his band.
The flooting Fish, the singing Bird, all beasts with one consent,
To live according to their kind, do shew them selves content.
So that by practise and by proofe, this sentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like, a sweete contented mind.
The beasts, the Birds, and ayrie powers, do keepe their compasse well,
And onely man above the rest, doth love for to rebell.
This onely man, the Lord above, with reason did indue
Yet onely man, ungratefull man, doth shew himselfe untrue.
No sooner was brave Adam made, but Sathan wrought his thrall,
For not content, aspiring pride, procurde his suddaine fall.
The princely Primerose of the East, proud Eva gave consent,
To change her blisse to bale, for that, her mind was not content.
Thus may the darkest eie perceive, how follie strikes us blind,
Thus may we see the often change, of mans unconstant mind,
The Moone, the Sea, by natures course, do not so often change,
As do the wits and wanton wils, of such as love to range.
The rangling rage that held from home Ulisses all too long,
Made chast Penelope complaine of him that did her wrong.
The lothsome daies, and lingering nights, her time in spinning spent:
She would not yeeld to change her choice, because she was content.
Such calme content doth plainely shew, that love did much abound,
Where free consent breeds not content, such faith is seldome found.
For carelesse Cryseid that had gin, her hand, her faith and hart,
To Troilus her trustie friend, yet falsely did depart:
And giglotlike from Troye towne, to Greciane campe would gee,

To

To Diomede, whom in the end, she found a faithless foe,
For having sliu'd the gentle slip, his love was turnd to hate.
And she a leaper did lament, but then it was too late.
Now foolish fancie was the cause, this Cryseid did lament,
For when she had a faithfull friend, she could not be content.
Ten thousand fell at Troyes siege, whose bloud had not been spent,
If fickle headded Hellen could, at first have bene content.
You can not in the Serpents head, such deadly poyson find,
As is the fained love that lives, with discontented mind.
Of all the wisdome of the wise, that I could ever tell,
This wisdome beares the chiefest sway, to stay when we be well,
As sweetest Musicke rudely jarres, except there be consent:
So hottest love doth quickly coole, except it be content.
Of all the brave resounding words, which God to man hath lent,
This soundeth sweetest in mine eare, to say. *I am content.*

Ever or Never.

FINIS.

LONDON
Imprinted by *Iohn Windet*, dwelling
at Pauls wharfe at the ſigne of the croſſe
Keyes and are there to be ſolde.
1594.

[The latter half of this page is a Facsimile from the British Museum copy of the first edition.]

APPENDIX.

A.

From 1596 edition of 'Avisa' as reprinted in 1635 edition (pp. 123-131).

THE APOLOGIE,

shewing the true meaning of WILLOBIE his AVISA.

TO a new Edition give me leave to adde a new Instruction, for such as I understand, have made of the other, a false and captious construction. If *Sapiens* come *à Sapore* (as some will have it, and that as the Taste judgeth of meates, so wise men judge of natures and intents) I marvaile that some men so greatly affecting the name of wisedome, have by rash judgement, (the badge of folly) shewed themselves so much unwise, and without sap. But I see that as it happeneth in the distemperature of the body, so it often fareth in the disorders of the minde: for the body being oppressed with the venemous malice of some predominate humor, the seate of judgement which is the taste, is corrupted: and meates, which of their owne nature are wholesome and sweete, seeme unto the mouth (ill affected) both

both bitter, unsavorie, and unwholesome: So the heart being possessed with a veine of vanitie, or a spirit of prejudicate opinion, directeth judgement by the line of fancie, not of reason: and the bitternesse of his owne infected folly, marres the sweete taste of other mens simple and honest meaning. Therefore because some have applyed this Poeme, as they ought not; I am inforced to speake that which I thought not.

Many branches of errors, have sprouted forth from the roote of one fond and misconstrued conceite. The growing of such grafts, I hoped that I had sufficiently prevented in the Preface first printed with this booke. But this is the generall fault of all rash Readers, when they see a booke, they turne either to the middest, or the latter end or at all adventures reading that which at first opening they happen on: if that presently doe not fit their fancie, they will sodainly pronounce a definitive sentence of condemnation, both against the matter and the maker; as if by the inspiration of some Pythian Oracle, they were presently brought in possession of the whole sence, meaning and intent of the Author, having reade neither the preface, nor perchance six lines of the whole booke.

But most I marvaile that one P. C. (who seemeth to bee a Scholler) hath beene carried away with this streame of misconceived folly: For I dare pawne my life, that there is no particular woman in the world, that was either partie or privie to any one sentence or word in that booke. This poeticall fiction was penned by the Author at least for

for thirtie and five yeeres since, (as it will be proved) and lay in wast papers in his study, as many other prettie things did, of his devising; and so might have continued still (as his *Susanna* yet doth) had not I, contrarie to his knowledge, with paine collected it; and (in consideration of the good end, to which it was directed) published it. Seeing therefore that I gave the offence, I must satisfie for it, in defending innocents from slanderous tongues. This plaine Morall device was plotted only for the repression and opening of *Vice*; and to the exaltation and triumph of *Vertue*, as hee himselfe saith.

My sleepy Muse that wakes but now,
To vertues prayse hath past her vow.

Vertue therefore being *Genus*, and Chastitie *Species*, if hee should have described it, either in *Genere* or *Specie*, as some have done, he might have beene as obscure as some others have beene. Hee fained therefore an *Individuum*, as it were a particular of this speciall, the more familiarly to expresse it, as it were in common talke, as if one did answere another, to delight the reader the more, with variety of folly quenched presently, with the like varietie of Vertue. To this fained *Individuum*, he gave this fained name *Avisa*. Which poeticall fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to despise that which he cannot mend. The Author was unknowne, not because hee could not; but because hee would not know him: his true name being open in every Page. He saith: the Author hath registred the meanest.

nest. I thought that Chastitie had not beene the meanest, but rather one of the greatest gifts, that God giveth to men or women. If by the meanest, he meane any other object or subject of *Willobie* his Muse, then Chastity itselfe (under the fained name of *Avisa*) it is a meaning of his owne making; and a subject of his owne suggestion, far from the mind of the first maker. None can eternize their folly in things which they never thought of: but I pray God some other have not eternized their follies, more wayes then one. If this fained name of *Avisa* mislike any man, for any hidden or private cause to the Author or me unknowne, let him call it what he will: So that he understand that it is Chastity it selfe, not any woman in the world, that is fained to give these foyles to this foule vice.

Therefore, whereas some in their gravity despise it for the lightnesse, and thinke it but a fantasticall toy, without any reach or secret sence, I will not strive to turne the course of that streame. Yet if my fancie might be admitted a judge in this matter, it would produce a sentence of a farre contrary nature. For it seemeth rather to me that the Author intending some rare exploit, endevoured to describe the doubtful combat, that is daily fought betweene Vice and Vertue, two princes of great power. And to that end he chose out two of the most approved Captaines of both the Campes to trie the quarrell. Out of the one hee tooke *Luxuriam*, Lecherie, which as we see, swayeth the minds of the greatest men, and commandeth largely. Out of the other, he

he opposeth *Castitatem*, Chastitie, a souldier rarely seene (in these dayes) to resist the enemies Push, and therefore in one of his verses, is called A Phœnix, or rare-seene bird.

The souldiers which hee drawes forth to fight under the banner of this Captaine Lecherie, are all estates and degrees, and all Countries and Commonwealthes: meaning, that no men, from the highest estate to the lowest; no Countries, from the most civill to the most barbarous, are free from the servile subjection of this raging principality: So that in this part, hee describeth the combats, the assaults, the intisements, and allurements, which Noblemen, Gentlemen, and all other loose and unbridled mindes, can by money, wealth, pleasure, force, fancy, or any other patheticall passion, procure, or devise, to raze the walls of besieged Chastity. Under whose banner he sendeth forth onely one poore woman, of a fayned name (minding to shew what the propertie of good women should bee) to resist so many, so mighty, so strong, and subtill enemies, fighting with such forcible weapons of honour, authority, glorie, ease and pleasure, Surely, he imagined, that in some women there was yet left so much Chastitie, as was able to resist the lewd and divelish temptations of all men whatsoever. And therefore, through the whole booke, he attributeth the victory to vertue, and the foyle to folly.

And farther, where as in other bookes, there is found a bare description onely, or naming of Vice or vertue, me thinkes in reading of this, my conceite

ceite tels mee that in the person of this woman all the mortall vertues, with one voyce are heard pleading, and discoursing at large against vice, in a lively action: In whose words, (if they bee considered from the beginning to the end) we may see, how the spirit of God striveth against the Spirit of Sathan, by reasons, by Scriptures, and by prophane Histories, to lay open the greatnesse, the foulenesse, the danger, and deceit of this deadly sin, that rageth so hotly, in the unmortified menbers of mortall men.

On the other side me thinks I see how the Devill calling together all his companie, in hope of a conquest tries all wayes and assayes all meanes to effect his desire. But his labor is imagined heere to be lost, and that there is some modesty, wisedome, honestie and feare of God remaining yet in some women, sufficient at all times to overcome him. Therfore whosoever accounteth this Poeme, but a vaine fiction, cutteth the throate of all feminine faith, and robbeth all chast Ladies of their chiefest honour.

Some others, being much addicted to that sweete bitter sinne of Leacherie, thinke their secret practices of bauderie, to be too plainely described, and therefore labour to have it registred for a meere toy. I will not, as a Physition assay with *Helleborus*, to purge their heads of those humors, least perhaps they bee of the men of *Abydus*, who (as *Aristotle* reporteth) being mad, tooke such delight in their madnesse that they were angry with them that brought them to their wits.

Some

The Apologie.

Some others there be, who when they have read this booke, have blushed to themselves, finding, as they thought, their very words and writings which they had used in the like attempts. In which is to be noted, the force of a guilty conscience, which feares where no feare is, and flyeth when no man followeth. These fancies (forsooth) have framed names to letters, of their owne devices; and they have imagined places of their owne placing, so fitly for everie description, that they will needs inforce the Author to speake of them, whom he never knew; to ayme at their fancies, whose faces he never saw; and to Cypher their names, whose natures to him were ignorant and strange.

Lastly; concerning the fained name of AVISA I have shewed the Authors device, and his reason for the fiction, in the first preface, which I thought would have quailed all other fictions whatsoever.

But yet if farder yee will have my conceit, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse, force me to think that which I am unwilling to say. That this name insinuateth, that there was never such a woman seene, as heere is described. For the word A'VISA is compounded, (after the Greeke manner) of the privative particle A, which signifieth *Non:* and of the participle *Visus, Visa, Visum*, which signifieth, Seene: So that *A'visa* should signifie (by this) as much as *Non visa*, that is: Such a woman as was never seene. Which if it bee true, then *Avisa* is yet unborne, that must rejoyce in this prayse. The Author in this booke compareth this vertue of Chastity unto a Bird, as is seene in his introduction

duction, saying: *Of Vertues Bird*, my muse must sing.

For as the Birde by his wings mounteth in the aire upwards to heaven: So Chastitie, where ever it is, makes the minde to mount from the base and filthy society of earthly conceits, and fits it to flie up to God, in heavenly meditations; whereas lust and wicked pleasures, chaine the minde in thraldome of fleshly concupiscence (as *Prometheus* was tyed to the hill *Caucasus*) which will not suffer the thoughts to ascend by any meanes. The same Hieroglyphicall allusion they meant, that pictured S. *John* with a Birde sitting by him, to signifie, that of all the foure Evangelistes, hee in his Gospell flew highest, and spake most of the Dietie of Christ. Now therefore the latine word of a Birde being *Avis*, and the Author (perchance) alluding unto that, did the rather call his victorious mounting victory of Vertue, by the name of *Avisa*, as alluding to his owne allusion. If any man therefore by this, should take occasion to surmise, that the Author meant to note any woman, whose name sounds something like that name, it is too childish and too absurd, and not beseeming any deepe judgement, considering there are many things, which cannot be applyed to any woman.

But to conclude, thus much, I dare precisely avouch, that the Author intended in this discourse, neither the description or prayse of any particular woman; nor the naming or cyphering of any particular man. But in generall under a fained name insinuateth what godly and constant women should doe

doe, and say in such lewde temptations. And also, under fained letters, generally expresseth, what course most of these lawlesse sutors take, in pursuit of their fancied fooleries, and therefore this P. C. hath offred manifest injurie to some, what ever they bee, whom his private fancie hath secretly framed in conceit.

This is the least that I could say, and the last that ever I wil say touching this matter in defence of my friend. If any notwithstanding will continue the errour of their unsatisfied minds they must for ever rest in the rightlesse erring, till the Authour (now of late gone to God) returne from Heaven to satisfie them farder touching his meaning. And so farwel. Oxford this 30. of *June.* 1596.

* *
*

Thine to use,

Hadrian Dorrell

The

B.

From 1596 *edition of* '*Avisa*' *in* 1635 *edition* (pp. 133-39).

The victorie of English Chastitie, Under the fained name of *AVISA.*

FOR beauties Ball, in *Ida*-Vale,
Three Nimphes at once, did once contend,
The Princely *Shepheard* of the *Dale*,
By judgement did the quarrell end:
That *Paris* might faire *Hellen* have,
The *Golden Price* to *Venus* gave.

In *Sea-bred* soyle, on *Tempe* downes,
Whose silver spring, from *Neptunes* Well,
With mirth salutes the neighbour townes,
A hot *Contention* lately fell:
Twice two sweet *Graces*, urge the strife,
Of two which was the *Constant'st* wife.

Faire *Venus* vaunts *Penelops* fame
From *Greece*, from listes of *Lavin Land*
Proud *Juno* stoutly doth the same,
Whose prayse in princely wealth doth stand:
They both condemne *Diana's* choyce,
That to *Avisa* gave her voyce.

Then

Then came the pale *Athenian Muse*,
Whose learned wisdome past them all,
She with *Diana* did refuse
The *Grecians* prayse: though *Juno* call,
Chaste *Wit* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld:
Nor yet to strangers leave the field;

Contention

Whil'st *Eris* flasht these fretting flames,
A Noble prince in *Rosie* borne,
A noble man of Greece, not farre from Helicon.
Rogero hight, to *Angry* dames,
His flying steed, and pace did turne,
Which done they all did straight agree,
That this *Rogero*, Judge should be.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'st,
From jealous *Juno's* envious eyes,
Long smothered hate flames forth at last,
In furious smoakes of angry cries:
As though she had the Garland wan,
With scoffing termes, she thus began.

the Oration of *Juno* against English Chastity under the name, of *Avisa*.

"Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, cease *Romans* prayse,
"Shut up with shame, your famous dames;
"Sith we our selves *Base Britans* rayse
"To over-Top their chiefest fames:
"With *Noble* faith what madnesse dare.
"Such *Novell* guestes and faith compare?

"*Penelope* must now contend
"For chaste renowne: whose constant heart,
"Both Greeks and Latines all commend,
"With poore *Avisa* new upstart;
"I scorne to speake much in this case,
"Her prayses *Rivall* is so base.

Pe-

English Chastity.

Penelope sprang from Noble house, ,,
By Noble match, twice Noble made; ,,
Avisa, both by Syre and spouse, ,,
Was linckt to men of meanest trade: ,,
What furie forc't *Diana's* wit, ,,
To match these two so farre unfit? ,,

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres ,,
Twice fifty flatly did denie; ,,
Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares, ,,
Could new *Avisa* so reply? ,,
And she that is so stout and strong, ,,
Could she have staid but halfe so long? ,,

Fie, leave for shame, thus to commend, ,,
So base a *Britaine*, shall I speake? ,,
I think these Muses did intend, ,,
To blow a glasse that should not breake: ,,
Here *Venus* smilde, and *Juno* staid, ,,
Judge now (quoth she) for I have said. ,,

The reply of *Pallas* against *Juno* in defence of *Avisa*.

When *Pallas* heard this rufling rage,
These toying jestes, this false surmise:
Shee paws'd which way she might asswage,
The flame that thus began to rise;
With setled grace and modest eye,
Thus did shee frame her milde reply.

Thou princely *Judge* here maist thou see, ,,
What force in *Error* doth remaine, ,,
In envious Pride what fruites there be, ,,
To writhe the paths, that lie so plaine: ,,
A double darknes drownes the mind, ,,
Whom selfe will make so wilfull blind, ,,

Can

" Can *Britaine* breede no *Phœnix* bird,
" No constant feme in English field?
" To Greece to Rome, is there no third,
" Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld?
" If this affirme you will not dare,
" Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

" Let choyce respect of *Persons* slide,
" Let *Faith and Faith* a while contend,
" Urge not the *Names* till cause be tride,
" 'Tis onely *Faith*, that we commend,
" We strive not for *Avisa's* fame,
" We recke not of *Avisa's* name.

Willoby described no particular woman, but only Chastity and faith her selfe under the name of *Avisa.*

" To prove him vaine, that vainely strives,
" That Chastity is no where found,
" In English earth, in British wives,
" That all are fickle, all unsound,
" We framde a wench, we fain'd a name,
" That should confound them all with shame

" To this at first you did consent,
" And lent with joy a helping hand,
" You both at first were well content,
" This fained frame should firmely stand,
" We to *Diana* gave the maide,
" That she might no way be betraied.

Chastity is named Avisa, *quasi ab Avis. . . ti volanti.*

"The mounting *Phœnix*, *chast desire*,
"This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice*,
"This *Not-seene Nimph*, this heatlesse fire,
"This *Chast-found Bird* of noble price,
"Was nam'de *Avisa* by decree,
"That *Name and nature* might agree.

If

English Chastity.

If this *Avisa* represent, ,,
Chast Vertue in a fained *name*, ,,
If *Chastity* it selfe be ment, ,,
To be extold with lasting fame : ,,
Her Greekish gemme can *Juno* dare, ,,
With this *Avisa* to compare ? ,,

Let wise *Ulysses* constant mate, ,,
Vaunt noble birth her richest boast, ,,
Yet will her challenge come too late, ,,
When *Pride and wealth* have done their most ,,
For this *Avisa* from above ,,
Came downe, whose Syre, is mighty *Jove*. ,,

Chastity is the gift of God.

How can you terme her then *Obscure*, ,,
That shines so bright in every eye ? ,,
How is she base that can endure, ,,
So long, so much, and mounts so hie ? ,,
If she you meane, have no such power, ,,
Tis your *Avisa*, none of our. ,,

This not seene bird, though rarely found ,,
In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes, ,,
Though she love most the countrie ground, ,,
And shunnes the great and wealthy townes ; ,,
Yet if you know a bird so base, ,,
In this *Device* she hath no place. ,,

True Chastity is soone and oftener found in the poorest then in the richest.

Was Greekish dame twice ten yeares chast, ,,
Did she twice fiftie flat deny ? ,,
Avisa hath *Ten Thousand* past, ,,
To thousands daily doth reply, ,,
If your *Avisa* have a blot ,,
Your owne it is, we know her not. ,,

Chastity daily assaulted a thousand wayes yet it still getteth the victorie.

Some

" Some greatly doubt your *Grecian* dame
" Where all be true that Poets faine :
" But *Chastity* who can for shame,
" Denie she hath, and will remaine,
" Though women daily doe relent,
" Yet this *Avisa* cannot faint.

The effects of true Chastitie.

" She quels by *Reason* filthy *lust*,
" Shee chokes by *Wisdome* leude Desires,
" Shee shunnes the baite that Fondlings trust,
" From Satan's sleights she quite retires ;
" Then let *Avisa's* prayse bee spread,
" When rich and poore, when all are dead.

" Let idle, vaine, *Flewent Rigges*,
" Be *Canton'de* with eternal shame,
" Let blowing buddes of blessed twigges,
" Let *Chaste-Avisa* live with fame :
" This said, *Sweet Pallas* takes her rest,
" Judge *Prince* (quoth she) what you thinke best.

The sentence of *Rogero* against *Juno*.

But wise *Rogero* pawsing staid,
Whose silence seem'd to shew some doubt,
Yet this at last he gravely said :
Ye *Nimphes* that are so faire, so stout,
Sith I your *Judge* to Judge must be,
Accept in worth, this short decree.

" The question is, where *Grecian Ghost*,
" Can staine the stemme of *Troyan* rase :
" Where *Ithac Nimphes* may onely boast,
" And *Brittish Faith* account as base,
" Where old *Penelops* doubtfull fame,
" *Selfe Chastity* may put to shame ?

I

English Chastity.

I count *Ulysses* happy *Then*, ,,
I deeme our selves as happy *Now;* ,,
His wife denide all other men, ,,
I know them yet that will not bow; ,,
For Chastity I durst compare, ,,
With Greece, with Rome, with who that dare. ,,

Our English earth such *Angels* breeds, ,, England for
As can disdaine all *Forraine* prayse, ,, Chastitie
For *Learning*, *Wit*, for *sober Deeds*, ,, may yet compare
All *Europe Dames* may learne their wayes: ,, with any
Sith I of both may take my choyce, ,, country in the world.
Our *Not-seene Bird* shall have my voyce. ,,

Sweete Chastity shall have my hand, ,,
In England found, though rarely seene, ,,
Rare Chastitie, To this I stand, ,,
Is still as firme, as erst hath beene: ,,
While this *Avisa* is the shee, ,,
This *Chaste desire* shall Victor be ,, Conclusion

The *Rose* appeares in *Venus* face,
Vermillion dies pale *Juno's* cheekes,
They both doe blush at this disgrace,
But *Juno* chiefe, something mislikes,
As though she felt some inward touch,
That for her *Greeke* had spoke so much.

FINIS.

Thomas Willoby Frater
Henrici Willoby nu-
per defuncti.

C.

Dedication and Introductory Verses to a poem by Peter Colse printed from the unique copy in the possession of A. H. Huth, Esq. The following is a reprint of the title page

---

PENELOPE'S COMPLAINT

Or

A Mirrour for wanton

Minions

Taken out of Homer's Odissea
and written in English
Verse
By Peter Colse

Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes

LONDON
Printed by *H. Jackson* dwelling in Fleetstreet, and are to be sold at his shop under Temple-barre gate. 1596.

To the vertuous and chaste Ladie,

The Ladie Edith, wife of the right worshipfull Sir Rafe Horsey, knight, increase of all honourable vertues.

ERUSING (vertuous Ladie) a Greeke Author, entituled Odyssea *(written by* Homer *prince of Greeke poets) noting therein, the chast life of the Ladie* Penelope *(in the twentie yeers absence of hir loving lord* Ulysses*) I counterfeited a discourse, in English verses, terming it her Complaint: which treatise comming to the view, of certaine of my special-friends, I was by them oftentimes encited to publish it. At length weying with my selfe, the shipwracke that noble vertue chastitie is subject unto: and seeing an unknowne Author, hath of late published a pamphlet called* Avisa *(over-slipping so many praiseworthy matrons) hath registred the meanest: I have presumed under your Ladiships patronage to commit this my* Penelopes *complaint (though unperfectly portraied) to the presse: not doubting but the Etimologie of so rare a subject, enchased with the Physiognomie of your excellent chastitie: so worthie a conclusion cannot but be a sufficient argument both to abolish* Venus *Idolaters, & also to countervaile the checkes of* Artizans *ill willers, which carpe at al, but correct nothing at al: measuring other mens labours, by their owne idle humors. Thus offering unto your Ladiship the firstlings of my scholers crop, for a satisfaction of my presumption, and hoping you wil pardon my boldnes, and accept of this my proffered service, I commit you to the grace and tuition of the Almightie.*

Your Ladiships to commaund

PETER COLSE.

In commendation of the right Worshipfull sir Raufe Horsey knight.

SWEETE Muse strike up thy silver string,
In shrill consort thy shakebut straine,
Reflecting peales let *Cosmos* ring,
Resound *Apolloes* piercing vaine:
Arise and rowse thy selfe with speede
Use no delay but do the deede.

Feare not, for *Momus* nor his mates
Encounter dare with rare renowne,
Honour with Armes defends the states,
Of those whom due desert doth crowne:
Recount at large what trump of fame,
Sounds in the praise of *Horseis* name.

Engravde in golden letters write,
Your censure sage with due advice:
Knowne trueth ne snaky envies spite,
Nor wrath can touch in any wise,
Into thy Poem though there prie,
Grose *Zoilus* with squinted eie.

Harsh and too rude I must confesse
The Poem is to move delight:
Yet force of duety would no lesse,
But it present in open sight:
For what my wit cannot discharge,
My will surely supplies at large.

His valour daunts the valiant heart,
His wisedome worthy worship winnes,
His perfect zeale by due desart
To highest point of honour climes:
His hand the sword most justly guides,
And therewith causes due decides.

His wit doth Orphanes wrong redresse,
His hand relieves the needy heart,
His word the widowes wo doth ease,
He double doth reward desart
He naught attempts in any case
Whereby he may incurre disgrace.

His chiefest care his countries love,
His chiefest love his countries care,
Whose care considered, well doth prove
His love, the countrey cannot spare:
Whom countriemen do so adore,
That worship never man had more.

To Prince he true lieutenant is,
To commou weale a faithfull knight,
Her Grace his service cannot misse,
Nor common weale so worthy a wight.
Whom *Jove* to Prince and subjects joy,
Perserve and keepe from all annoy.

Finis. P. C.

An Encomion upon the right worshipfull sir Rafe Horsey knight, and the Lady Edith in Saphic verse.

IF merites may true honour attaine unto,
Or fame advance worthy renowmed of spring.
Let Muses sound forth triple tuned harpe strings,
unto their honour.

Whose lovely bloud with favourable aspect
Nurture and good fortune enhanceth highly
Unto bright heavens generously springing,
theirs be the glory.

From farre apart those lovely doves did ascend,
Th' one fro th' east with Phoebus *arose for our good,*
Th' other of west where Coronaeus *hardy*
camped in old time.

Gentle their gentilitie knightly adorned,
Worthy their worships stately well adopted,
Humble their humanitie highly graced
with lovely nature.

Whose divine deedes and tried hearts true meaning
Duely commented manifest sequences,
Happy doubtlesse, worthy no doubt the titles
of their aliance.

Whose honours unburied I will entombe,
For everlasting ages to looke upon,
Cleare of obscurenesse, free of envies outrage
will I defend them.

Happy my Muses, but unhappy master,
That can advance encomions renowmed
Of others, obscurely lying in hopes grave
buried himselfe.

Yet dying, and dead wil I sing due trophees,
Then triumphs shall stately records eternize,
My Muse shall ever erect monuments to their praise
unto the worldes end.

FINIS. P. C.

In comendation of the vertuous, prudent and chaste, virgin, mistris Grace Horsey *daughter to the right worshipfull, sir* Raph Horsey *knight, and the Ladie* Edith.

G GLORIOUS Nimph, *Dianaes* darling deere,
R Rose-garland dresse of damaske red and white,
A Adorne thou *Vestaes* shrine, her posies weare,
C Conservde with sweete of honors high delight.
E Enter the Lyons cave, he is thy friend,
Though Dragon swell, saint *Gcorge* shal thee defend.

H Hunt as *Diana* did, with *Daphne* flie,
O Outrunne *Apollo*, trust not to his rage,
R Repose no trust in *Cupids* deitie,
S Say *Frustra* to his force, make him thy page.
E Enchase thou vertue with pearls of grace,
Y Youngsters may wonder at the enterlace.

What faire? wise? rich? with grace combind?
A joy to al thet such a grace behold:
So rare a sympathie is hard to find,
A gift with fame worthie to enrold.
Beauty and chastitie two deadly foes,
Live reconciled in her lovely browes.

Faire: looke on her there dwelleth beauties grace:
Wise: her wit the wisest doth abash:
Sweete: where is sweete but in her sweetest face:
Rich: to her store al treasure is but trash.
A Grace she is with such rare graces dight,
Tongue, pen, nor art her grace can shew aright.

Finis. P. C.

Candido Lectori hexasticon.

EN tibi Penelope prudens, & διὰ γυναικῶν
cuius tot vates nomen ubique canunt.
Si cupis illius niveos cognoscere mores,
hunc parvum placido perlege fronte librum.

Nam de Penelope quæ doctus dixit Homerus:
hic plano & pleno carmine (Lector) habes

Joannes Mayo

Amico suo charissimo P. C. S. D.

QUID quærit titulos, quid dotes iactat Avisa.
Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda tuæ?
Penelope clara est, veneranda fidelis: Avisa
obscura, obscuro fœmina nata loco.

Penelope satrapæ est conjux illustris: Avisa
conjux cauponis, filia pandochei.
Penelope casta est cum sponsus abesset: Avisa
casta suo sponso nocte dièque domi.

Penelopeia annos bis denos mansit: Avisa
tot (vix credo) dies intemerata foret.
Penelopeia procos centum neglexit: Avisa
Vix septem pretium sustinuitque precem,
Penelope nevit, pensum confecit: Avisa
lassauit nunquam pendula tela manus.
Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur: Avisa
unus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.
Ergo Penelope vigeat, cantetur: Avisa
nullo Penelope est æquivalenda modo.

To the Reader.

HAVING taken upon me (Gentlemen) to pipe with *Hiparchion*, though my musicke be not melodious inough to content the proud *Thessalians*, yet I doubt not but poore shepheards will stirre their stumps after my minstrelsie, If the stranes be too harsh, to delight your stately eares (pardon me and accept my mind, and not my musicke) I stretch my strings as I can, desiring rather to teach the simple their uniforme cinque pace, then effect Courtiers in their lofty galliards, which alter every day with new devises. The cause I have contrived so pithie a matter in so plaine a stile, and short verse, is: for that a vaine-glorious *Avisa* (seeking by slaunder of her superiors, to eternize her folly) is in the like verse, (by an unknowen Authour) described: I follow (I say) the same stile, & verse, as neither misliking the methode, nor the matter, had it beene applyed to some worthier subject. Thus hoping you wil courteously accept my *Penelopes Complaint*, I wil shortly make you amends with her Will, and Testament, in Pentameters, wherein I wil stretch my wits to Ela, to shew my duetie, and satisfie your desires: and so farewell.

Peter Colse.

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Being a Survey of the Condition of Europe at the end of the 16th Century

With an Introduction and an Account of Fynes Moryson's Career

by

CHARLES HUGHES
B.A. (London)

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

English Historical Review, October, 1903, (Signed by Dr. C. H. Firth)

Mr. Hughes is to be congratulated on the publication of such an interesting and valuable manuscript as this is. It is curious that it should have lain so long unedited in the library of an Oxford College. He has prefixed to it an account of Fynes Moryson's life, which contains many new details, gives a copy of his will, and fixes for the first time the exact date of his death . . . Moryson was a very acute and exact observer, noticing the small things in which the manners of one nation resembled those of another, or differed from them, and capable at the same time of distinguishing the permanent characteristics of various nations and local modifications of national character . . . Anyone editing an Elizabethan play, or writing upon the social and economic history of Elizabethan Europe, will find this book a source of first-rate value.

Edinburgh Review, April, 1903, pp. 373—394.

The portions of the book which have hitherto slumbered in dignified repose in the library of an Oxford College—the inheritor by some unexplained good fortune of these valuable literary remains of a former Cambridge Fellow—contains the very quintessence of his political and social researches, and of the mature reflexions suggested to him by a singularly diversified experience. . . . We propose to make free use of Mr. Hughes' valuable biographical and critical introductions.

Saturday Review.

Mr. Hughes has performed his duties excellently. He has written a clear and succinct preface in which with no little learning he has gleaned all the available information as to the author, Fynes Moryson, particularly those facts which will help the reader to understand the book. . . . Mr. Hughes has shown so much good sense and care in what he has given us that he would indeed be a peevish and a gluttonous reader who was not prepared to accept as final the editor's mature verdict, that the omitted sections have little literary value, and are tedious to boot.

The Athenæum.

In the edition of the "Itinerary" which we are glad to learn Mr. Hughes has in preparation, a very vigorous pruning will be of great advantage. The editing of the present volume shows that we can place reliance on his discretion; he has avoided alike the danger of too much compression and of prolixity, while the Text shows every sign of careful accuracy. The preface is a model of painstaking. Every fact of Moryson's life is brought out and verified, and Mr. Hughes has been fortunate in obtaining many new ones.

The Academy and Literature (signed by Dr. Sidney Lee).

Mr. Hughes has placed students under no small obligations to him by printing for the first time this interesting narrative of travel by an adventurous contemporary of Shakespeare. . . . Moryson's notes on English life and society were, he tells us, intended to form part of an exhaustive "treatise of England," with which he went no further. The fragments which survive in the newly-printed "Itinerary" are of great value to the Elizabethan scholar.

The Daily Chronicle.

To students of the Elizabethan age the whole book is of great value, for it represents the world of Shakespeare's time, though seen through eyes how different from Shakespeare's. Mr. Hughes has accomplished a serviceable piece of work in rescuing the manuscript from an Oxford library.

The Daily Telegraph.

Altogether this is a most entertaining book, with a store hard to match of quaint observations of Europe, at a most interesting period of awakening and development.

Manchester Guardian.

Mr. Hughes has, then, performed a very definite service to historical learning in rendering this neglected MS. readily accessible . . . he has spared neither time nor trouble in investigating the obscurer by-ways of Moryson's life. His introduction is a document which no future biographer of his hero can overlook, and it supplements in certain particulars the account in the Dictionary of National Biography.

Manchester Courier.

Mr. Hughes's introduction is excellent. For those who have not already travelled abroad in the liberal company of Moryson, it supplies just sufficient information to put one at one's ease in his presence and, if inducement be needed, such hints of the traveller's methods and experiences as tempt to companionship. . . . It only remains to add how admirably the book is got up. Paper and print are excellent.

Yorkshire Post.

Students of European manners and customs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are under a deep obligation to Mr. Charles Hughes, of Manchester, for his enterprise in preparing for publication for the first time the fourth part of that curious and frank document known as Fynes Moryson s Itinerary. . . . There is no other published survey at all approaching it in completeness and vividness of the Europe of Shakespeare's day.

Shakespeare Jahrbuch, 1904 (signed by Dr. Aloys Brandl).

Was er selbst darüber 1617 veröffentlichte, wird als typiches Europa-Bild eines Landsmannes und Zeit-genossen von Shakespeare mehrfach zitiert. Dazu kommen jetzt umfangreiche Kapitel aus seinen bisher ungedruckten Aufzeichnungen. . . . . weil er die Dinge mit kindlicher Unmittelebarkeit ansieht und seinen mitgebrachten englischen Meinungen fleissig das Wort überlässt, ist er uns interessant, als gesprächiger Zeuge für die Weltanschaunug von Shakespeare's Ungebung. . . . . Das buch ist—nebenbei bemerkt—eine Fundgrube für den deutschen Kultur-historiker, handelt über die grosse Verehrugn Luthers und Melanchtons, stadtische und studentische Sitten, Kaiser Rudolf und die Juden in Prag usw.

In addition to this review of the book, Dr. Brandl, in one of the Kleinere Mitteilungen, quotes the comments upon a passage from "Shakespeare's Europe," in which Moryson describes a company of English actors whom he saw playing at Frankfort fair in 1592.

National Zeitung.

Two long articles, entitled "Die Deutschen im Urtheil eines Engländers vor drei hundert Jahren," by Herr Karl Witte, chiefly translations from Moryson's Chapter on Germany, pp. 291-357 of "Shakespeare's Europe." "Für uns hat natürlich ganz besonders das Interesse, was der englische Reisende über den Charakter unseres Landsleute, ihre Sitten und Gebraüche vor mehr als dreihundert Jahren schreibt. An Ausführlich keit lässt er es in dieser Hinsicht nicht fehlen, wofür wir ihm nachträglich dankbar sein wollen. Er beginnt das dem deutschen Charakter und den deutschen Lebensgewohnheiten gewidmete Kapitel mit dem Bemerken, das dem Deutschen Bescheidenheit, Standhaftigkeit, Ehrlichkeit und freundliches Wesen nachgerühmt würden. . . . . Curiously enough Herr Witte omits to translate Moryson's qualifying phrase to this last sentence that the Germans are "somewhat inclyning to the vice of Dullnes."

H.I.M. The German Emperor accepted a copy of "Shakespeare's Europe," and conveyed his thanks to Mr. Hughes, through Count Matternich, the German Ambassador.

The late Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky, wrote to Mr. Hughes of what he termed "your valuable and most interesting book." "It is sure to furnish much material to future historians, and seems to me (as far as I have yet been able to examine it) excellently edited. I have already read a good deal in it with keen interest."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, though a socialist and a dramatic author, actually purchased a copy of "Shakespeare's Europe," and wrote of it: "It proves, like all genuine contemporary documents (as distinguished from the department of fiction called history), that nothing has changed since Shakespeare's time except our spelling which has changed for the worse."

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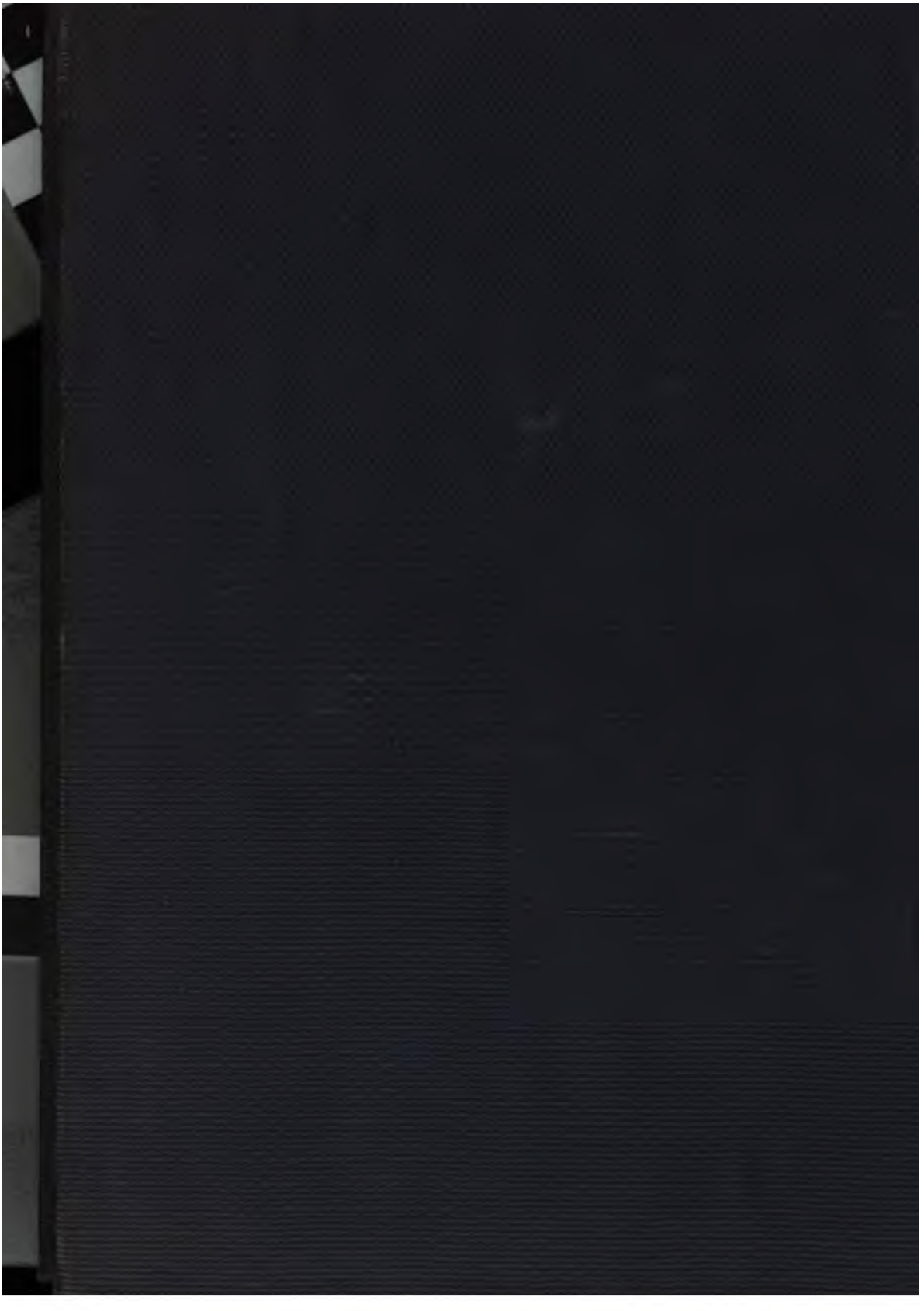
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